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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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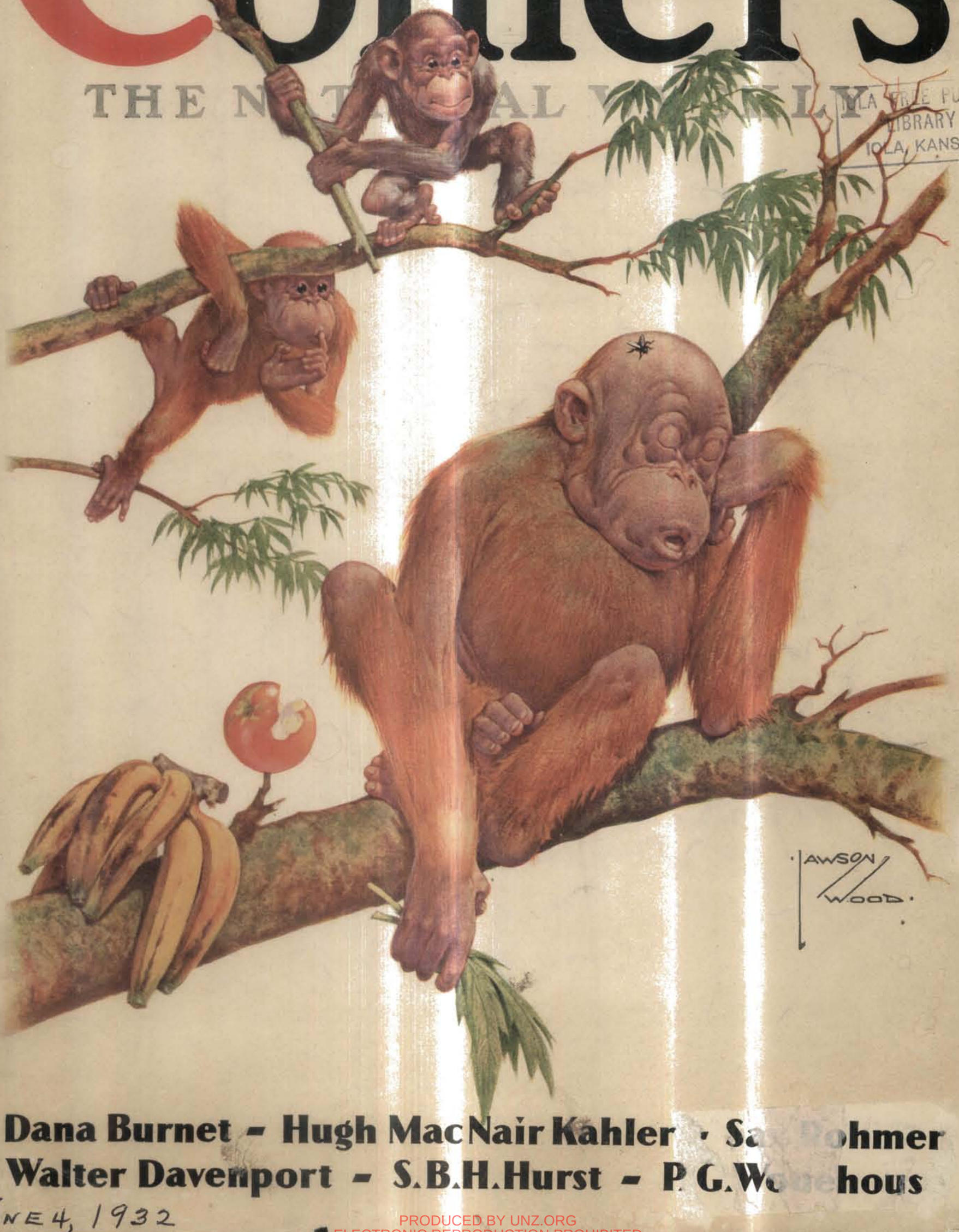

Dana Burnet - Hugh MacNair Kahler · Sax Rohmer
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JUNE 4, 1932

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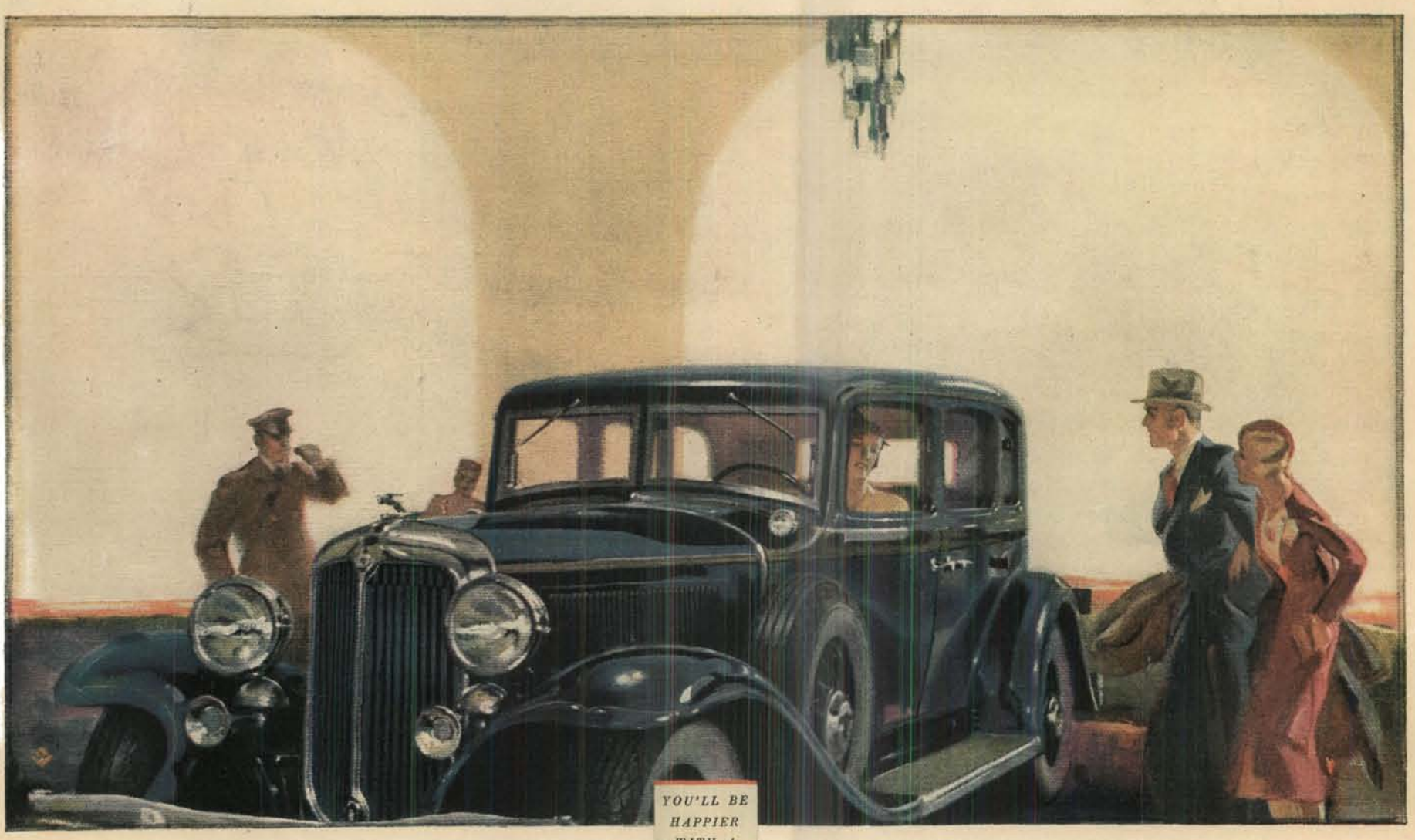

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

June 4, 1932

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Make a fifth, will you?

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THE PENSION RACKET.

Next Week

MANY citizens will think Damon Runyon a very quaint character indeed, and full of zest, especially when they read the story of "Dream Street Rose."

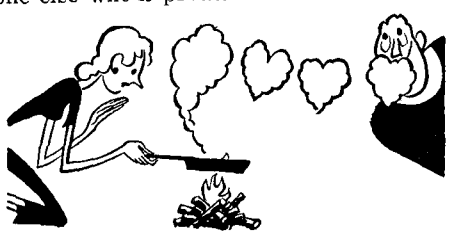
Rose is a very young doll, maybe sixteen or seventeen years old, when she marries a guy by the name of Frank, who is a heel in every respect and by no means a good husband. He makes Rose work for him, first by dealing them off the arm in a grease joint in Denver and then he gives her several thumpings, including a broken nose and fractured ribs and once an ankle cracked by a kick. And finally he sells her for three C's to Black Emanuel, who has a dance joint on the Barbary Coast.

Now Rose is a very innocent young doll and is much bewildered and down-hearted at such treatment, especially as Black Emanuel resumes the thumpings where Frank leaves off. Furthermore, in later years, after she drifts around the country quite some, in and out of joints, she realizes that Frank does not love her after all, in spite of what he says, and she often thinks of what a disagreeable influence he has on her life.

But Rose is not one to holler copper, and when she decides to close up her case with Frank she makes her own play—which gets printed across the front page in very large letters indeed.

—

ONE hundred billion dollars. That, government accountants tell us, will be the total figure when the last World War benefit is paid. It's an incredibly large sum and has led to an incredible amount of talk. What has the veteran had to do with it? Very little, says Mr. Davenport, who is himself a veteran. In "But the Dead Don't Vote" he shows you how the ex-service man has been turned into a political stalking-horse. Don't blame him: it's someone else who'll profit.



WHEN Cynthia Mainwaring undertook to convince John Blake that she was a capable and efficient cook she chose steak and onions and an open fire for the demonstration. It was a heartbreaking failure as a meal, but Cynthia won her point, for John Blake loathed efficient women and would, as Lucian Cary tells you, have loved Cynthia in spite of any amount of underdone "Steak with Onions."

—

THE career of Alice Nielsen is one of the amazing dramas of the world of music. Beginning as a penniless urchin, singing in the streets of Kansas City, and rising to magnificent triumphs in the capitals of Europe, she remained unchanged in character, mischievous, impudent and light-hearted. Next week she begins the story of one "Born to Sing."

—

ZONA GALE proves to you in a sparkling short story that theories don't count when it's a question of "The Girl to Marry." Octavus Roy Cohen writes the short short story. Grantland Rice, P. G. Wodehouse and Sax Rohmer continue to dazzle while they delight. Fast company.

Any Week

THE first fourteen words of Mr. J. M. Moore's letter startled us. However, the remainder taught us again not to jump at conclusions. "Fox's Pharmacy, Pompano, Florida," he writes, "keeps current issues of Collier's in its refrigerator to prevent would-be readers from quickly filching them on arrival every Friday."

—

SOMEBODY must have told Mr. Edmund G. McCaul of Boston, Massachusetts, that we were pining away for the definition of a hero. Anyway, he lets us have his idea.

"A hero," writes Mr. McCaul, "is a member of Congress who demands and insists upon a Congressional investigation of the compensation rolls of the Veterans Administration."

—

"BETTER," Mrs. Ernestine Tully Thorpe of Philadelphia warns us, "an unbalanced budget than inadequate funds for 100 per cent enforcement of prohibition."

—

"WE SHALL continue to have Capones," writes Miss Mary L. Sutton of St. Louis, who will cast her first vote this fall, "as long as our elected rulers lack the courage of the racketeer. We shall not be rid of the racketeer while professional politicians make a racket of office-holding. And speaking of public enemies, the term sounds strangely ironic in the mouths of some of our public officials."

TO OUR What's-The-Matter-With-America file goes this letter from Mr. Parke Vawter of Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. Vawter tells us of a banker who came hot-foot out of his office, hailing a taxicab as he ran. He was, he explained, already late to an appointment with a fortune teller whom he was in the habit of consulting on the eve of his most important financial ventures.

—

"WELL," concludes Mr. Joe Stramille of St. Joseph, Missouri, "all I have to say is any congressman who fought these economy measures in Washington had better dust off his dictionary before coming home, because he is going to need a lot of words to explain himself."

—

MR. W. E. BABCOCK of Jackson, Michigan, has been devoting some of his spare time to a consideration of the bonus. To avoid further argument, Mr. Babcock grants that the veteran saved the country. "But," he winds up, "if I save a man's life, and then hold him up for all he has for the rest of his life, he is going to get a little tired of his hero before he dies."

—

OF COURSE he *could* jump back in the river while his rescuer isn't looking.

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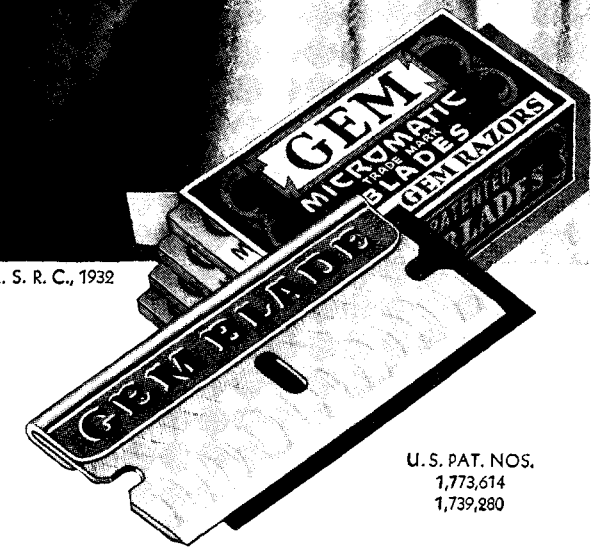

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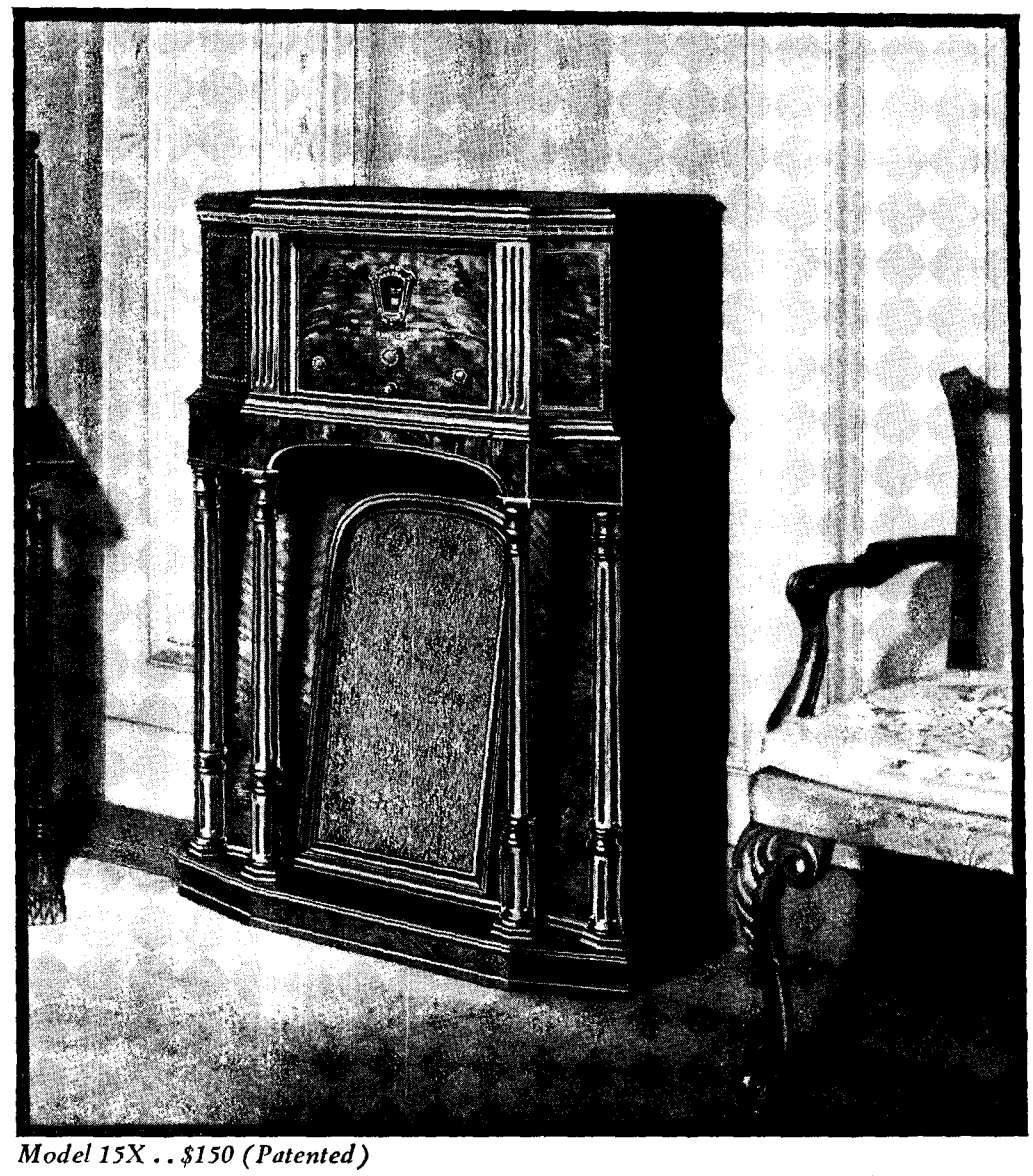

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What happened to Philip Hope

By Lucian Cary

A tennis champion loses every point in a private love game and finishes way out in front

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"What would you do?" he asked. He was furious

THERE have been so many attempts to explain Philip Hope that it's time somebody told the whole story.

It's true that Philip Hope had always had everything pretty much as he liked it. He was the youngest son of John Howard Hope. He was handsome, agreeable, and built like a fast light-heavyweight. That is, he was a trifle over six feet in height and lean. And he began playing tennis at an age when it is still possible to learn the game—at the age of ten.

It's true that almost the only bad break he ever had was in the national singles championships at Forest Hills, when he was twenty-three. He had taken the first two sets and he was within two points of winning the third set and the match. He was running for a short one at the net when he stepped on a stray tennis ball and sprained his ankle so badly that they had to carry him off the court.

But everybody knew he would have won if the ball boys had been even reasonably careful about keeping the court clear. When the committee went into session after the season was over they unanimously voted him No. 1 in the national ranking and No. 1 he was even though another man held the national championship.

Philip Hope went up from Aiken to White Sulphur the following spring to meet the other candidates for the Davis Cup team. There was a youngster from the Pacific Coast—a long, lanky, red-headed, freckle-faced youngster named George Smith, who annoyed everybody at White Sulphur by his cocky way of announcing how badly he could beat any member of the first ranking ten. It was all the harder to bear because he did beat one man after another. He had so much speed and power that everybody was a little anxious over his first meeting with Philip Hope.

Even the newspaper men gathered round that afternoon. They saw what Joe Mulley had told them they would see. They saw what happens when a raw young man with a tremendous service and a walloping forehand and a command of the volley meets a finished all-court player. Philip Hope beat young George Smith 8-6, 6-3, 6-1.

HE WENT to the net to shake hands with young Smith, after the old and respected custom of tennis. Young Smith shook hands.

"If I had a private trainer and a private coach and a private car I'd have taken you," young Smith said.

"I'm sure you would," Philip Hope said.

"Yeah!" young Smith said. "And I will take you anyway—before the year's over."

He said it loud enough so the newspaper men and one member of the committee heard it.

The committee came down to the courts the next afternoon just as practice was beginning. The candidates waited. The newspaper men strolled over. Philip's father and mother, who had stopped off the day before on their way from Aiken to open the New York house, stood by. And Joe Mulley, the professional, cocked one ear to listen—as if he hadn't been present at the conference and didn't know what the committee had decided.

The chairman read off the names—the two who were to represent the United States in the singles matches, and the two who would play in the doubles, and the alternates. The name of Philip Hope led all the rest.

Young George Smith crowded forward. "Listen," he said, "I didn't hear my name."

"No, Smith," the chairman said. He was a plump, kindly man who believed in being kind to tennis players rather than in putting them in their places. But now he glared.

"YOU mean you didn't put me on the team!" young Smith cried.

"No, Smith," the chairman said. "Not this year. Perhaps next year when you've had more—"

"Next year!" young Smith shouted. "Next year!" But he wasn't as bel-

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ligerent as he sounded. He was a boy who was hurt. He stood there staring at the chairman as if he were going to crown him with his racket and his lip trembled and the tears started in his eyes and suddenly he flung himself full length on the ground and buried his face in his arms and sobbed shamelessly—out loud.

Even the newspaper men looked the other way.

PHILIP was relieved when Joe Mulley beckoned to him to come on and play. Joe Mulley was an old man. Joe was almost forty. But he was still a wizard with a racket. There was only one way to beat him. You had to use all the speed you had and still keep the ball in court. Philip let himself all out to beat Joe Mulley and to forget the spectacle of young George Smith sobbing. Philip had Joe 5-2 and was walking back to his baseline to serve when he noticed a girl sitting on a bench beside the court.

He didn't usually notice strange girls. Like most young men with famous fortunes behind them he had grown wary of girls—except, of course, the few he had always known. The fact that he didn't know the girl on the bench meant that she was out. But he noticed her just the same and wondered if she could be as nice as she looked.

Philip served his fast slice. The ball went like a bullet to the farthest corner of the service court and broke at a sharp angle. The ball would have been an ace against anybody but Joe Mulley. Joe got his racket on the ball. Joe sent back a high short lob. Philip got under it in three strides and poised himself to smash. He smashed to Joe's backhand corner. The ball was at least three inches out.

Joe looked at him. Philip grinned back.

"You missed a set-up," Joe said. To miss a set-up was the one unforgivable sin. "Here," he said grimly, "try again."

Philip hit ten perfect smashes in succession—ten beautiful smashes that even Joe Mulley, standing yards behind his baseline, couldn't reach.

When Joe was satisfied, Philip Hope looked at the bench. The girl was gone.

He dined in the big dining-room with a lot of tennis bigwigs and pretended to listen to what the chairman said while he looked for the girl. She didn't come in. He escaped as quickly as he could after dinner and found a table in the writing-room that commanded a view of the lobby and pretended to read yesterday's New York morning paper while he watched for her.

He waited an hour. And then he saw her. She was alone. He jumped up. She came directly toward him. She was still wearing the tweed suit and the little hat.

"I BEG your pardon," she said, "but aren't you Philip Hope?"

"Yes," he said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

She smiled at him. "I'm from the New York Globe," she said. "I've been doing a series of interviews with champions for the sports section. They want an interview with you."

"I'm not a champion," Philip said.

"I know—but they tell me that's an accident—that you're undoubtedly the greatest tennis player in the world."

"It's not quite as bad as that," Philip Hope said.

They sat down opposite each other and talked. At least she asked questions and Philip tried to answer them. He was used to being interviewed. But here he was hunting for words and staring at her and acting like a prep-school boy and feeling foolish and discovering nothing at all about her except that her name was Mary Lee and that she was leaving for New York early in the morning.

He told her he didn't wish to see her interview before it was published. He always told reporters that.

But Philip Hope bought the Globe every night when it came in from New York and turned to the sports section and looked for Mary Lee's interview. He knew the kind of thing she would write. He'd read it so many times before. But he remembered Mary Lee's eyes and he wanted to read what she said.

He waited eight days before he opened the Globe and found her article. He hurriedly folded the paper and put it in his jacket pocket and went up to his room to read it.

He smiled as he read the first paragraph. It was the same old stuff about that great sporting family, the John Howard Hopes. But as he read deeper he was horrified at himself for being pleased. And as he read farther he saw that it wasn't the same old stuff.

Mary Lee had laid it on so thick that it wasn't funny. Mary Lee had laid it on with malice.

"THE youngest of the Hopes," she had written, "is the young girl's ideal and the young matron's dream. Tall, good-looking, with a naturally crooning voice, he is fabulously rich. What is more, he is a superb athlete. When you see him smash a tennis ball you think 'How glorious!' He has all the grace of the lovely Pavlowa and something tigerish besides. On a tennis court he's perfect. But after dinner, in the evening, he's tired, as all athletes are, and a little sleepy and slow on the uptake. You ask him questions about tennis and he answers intelligently enough. He knows tennis. But you can be quite sure he's never read a book. I wish I'd asked him who the President of the United States is. I'm certain that he doesn't know. And why should he? He has serious things to think about—his smash, for instance."

Philip Hope crumpled up the newspaper and stuffed it into the wastebasket and walked up and down the room. He got the newspaper out of the wastebasket and straightened it out and tore Mary Lee's interview out of it and put it into his pocket.

He called up the telegraph office and asked if there wasn't a telegram for him.

Mary Lee had buried her head in the typewriter.

"Very well, then," Philip Hope said, "send me one. Send me a telegram from New York asking me to come up at once on urgent family business. Sign it John Howard Hope—no, sign it John. That'll be my brother. Would you consider doing that for me?"

Philip drove to Washington and caught a train for New York and called up the Globe. They said Mary Lee had gone for the day. Philip took a room in an obscure hotel. He didn't want the family to know he was in New York. He couldn't think of any reason for coming to New York except the real one.

He put a call in for Mary Lee first thing in the morning.

"Will you go to lunch with me?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "I'm frightfully busy today."

"Make it dinner, then," Philip said. "I have something important to tell you."

"If you really have a story I'll have to come," she said.

"When shall I stop for you?"

"DON'T call for me," she said. "I don't know when I'll be through. I'll meet you in the basement of the Brevoort as soon after eight o'clock as I can make it."

He knew he was a fool. But he was there ten minutes ahead of time.

She was wearing the same tweed suit and the same cocky little hat when she came in, an hour late.

"Well," she said, "what's the story?"

"I read your interview," Philip said.

"I hope I didn't make a lot of mistakes and get the tennis all wrong."

Philip shook his head. "No," he said, "your details were correct." She looked back at him as if she didn't know why he was outraged.

"Everything you did," he said, "you did on purpose."

"But I feel," she said, "I feel that somehow or other you didn't like my interview."

"I was so sore when I read it," Philip Hope said, "that I came all the way up here to protest."

The waiter brought the soup.

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She was sobbing as if her heart were broken

"It's awfully good," Mary Lee said. "The soup, I mean. I'm so hungry."

"In that case I recommend the *émincé Bernard*."

"I don't even know what it is."

"It's beef tenderloin—broiled—with a sauce of mushrooms and truffles and pimientos and things."

"It sounds elaborate," Mary Lee said.

They ate *émincé Bernard*.

"I've been wondering," she said, "what to do about that interview. Of course if you wrote a letter to the editor protesting against what I said, he'd print it."

"And I'd appear more of a fool than ever."

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "you would."

Philip could picture her showing that letter to the staff, and the howls of laughter it would elicit.

"What I'd really like to know is—why you did it."

"Did what?" she asked.

"Made me out a stupid ass," he said.

Mary Lee took a cigarette from the case he had laid on the table. Philip held a match. She lit the cigarette and looked at him gravely.

"Did you ever hear of envy?" she asked.

"But I can't imagine that you envy me," he said. "You feel infinitely superior to me."

SHE nodded. "Yes," she said, "I do. But at the same time I envy you your money. My father started a newspaper in a town out west—on a shoe-string. He went bust, of course. I had to leave college in my junior year. I landed in New York with ten dollars. Can't you imagine how envious I feel of a young man who is born to millions and never worries about anything except whether his backhand drive is working?"

"I can understand that perfectly," Philip Hope said. "I can imagine being extremely bitter about it. But that doesn't explain your contempt for me."

"I'm contemptuous," she said, "because you're so easily satisfied—because you don't know how to get any real fun out of your money. It's so childish, when you could do something interesting, to do nothing but play tennis."

"What would you do?" he asked. He was furious. But he wanted her. He wanted her as he had never wanted any of the girls who had been awfully, awfully nice to him.

SHE shrugged her shoulders. "What I would do is beside the point. It couldn't conceivably interest you."

"I wish you'd tell me what you would do," Philip said.

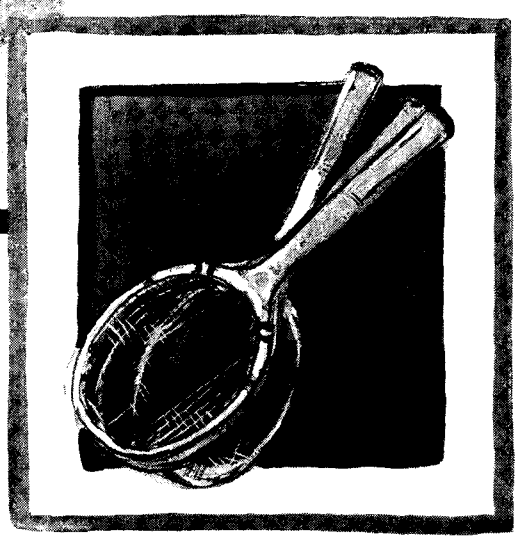
"I'd go back to Oklahoma," Mary Lee said, "and buy a daily paper and make a success of it and have the time of my life."

"Doing good," Philip said. "Righting wrongs. All that sort of thing."

"Why not?" she asked. "At least I'd hope to do more good than harm. But mostly I'd do it because it's fun—ten times as much fun as being a tennis player. And you can keep on doing it. You don't have to quit at thirty or whatever the deadline for tennis players is."

"I see," he said. "You think tennis is rather silly."

"I think," Mary Lee said, "that tennis is a grand game. But it's nothing more than a game. There's some excuse for a boy like that one who cried when he didn't make the Davis Cup team. He's a snub-nosed, bad-mannered, awkward boy who learned his tennis on the public courts and never had a lesson from a professional in his life. But it means a chance for him to meet the kind of people you've always known, merely because you were born a Hope. Perhaps he's wise to play tournament tennis until he gets a chance in the world. There's some excuse for him. But there's no excuse for you. Perhaps it's merely being completely insulated from life—so that you can't learn anything about it."



"I know quite a lot about life," Philip Hope said.

Mary Lee smiled tolerantly. "No," she said. "You've too much money and too many friends and too grand a family. You'll be a lot older than you are now before you know as much about life as young George Smith."

"That's a bit thick," Philip said. "I know infinitely more than young George Smith knows."

"No," Mary Lee said. "Nothing will ever happen to you that will make you throw yourself on the ground and sob in front of everybody."

"You rather like his doing that, don't you?"

"No," she said. "I thought it was childish. But at the same time I like him better than I like you. I wish he could beat you."

"He has a chance," Philip Hope said. "If he'd forget all about tournament play and go back to California and work from now till next September on his backhand he might beat me."

MARY LEE rose to go. "I'd like to tell him that," she said. "I'd like to tell him that you said that."

"Why don't you?"

"It doesn't seem quite fair."

"But it's what I'd tell him if I had a chance," Philip said. "It's what anybody who saw our match at White Sulphur would tell him."

"All right," she said. "I'll take you at your word. I'll write him."

They walked out into Fifth Avenue together and he put her in a taxicab.

"I'll be sailing soon to play in the Davis Cup matches," he said. "I shan't be back in New York much before August. Couldn't we go out to dinner again this week?"

"It would be ever so much better if we didn't," Mary Lee said. "I can't imagine our having any real conversation. We're much too different."

"Suppose then," he said, "we went somewhere and danced and didn't talk at all?"

She shook her head. "I can't bear to dance with men I can't talk to," she said.

Philip Hope went uptown, and sat around until his father and mother came home.

They looked at him. They raised their eyebrows at each other.

"What's happened, Philip?" his mother asked.

"How much," he said, "do newspapers cost?"

"Newspapers," his father said, "are awful. A man can lose more money on a daily newspaper than anything else in the world. A racing stable is a mere trifle beside a newspaper."

"Just the same," Philip said, "I'm thinking of trying it out."

His mother looked at him. She was a white-haired lady of fifty-five. But she sat up very straight as women who've ridden horses all their lives so often do.

"Really, Philip," she said, "you know it's no time to be thinking of newspapers or any other silly business. You're a member of the Davis Cup team."

His father patted him on the shoulder. "Have a drink, Philip," he said. "And go to bed. You'll be all right in the morning."

SO PHILIP had a long talk with his Uncle Joe the next morning and started a few things and went back to White Sulphur. When he sailed for France a month later he had learned quite a good deal about the newspaper business and found the people from whom he could learn more.

He came back in August and called up Mary Lee.

"Yes," she said, "I will go out to dinner with you. I'm hungry."

They danced afterward. He felt that in spite of herself she liked him—as he liked her. But going home in the taxicab she told him that she had written George Smith and persuaded him to give up tournament play and go home and work on his backhand.

"So," Philip said, "you really do want him to beat me."

"It would be the romantic thing," she said. "The poor boy—with no advantages—who comes up from nothing,

(Continued on page 49)

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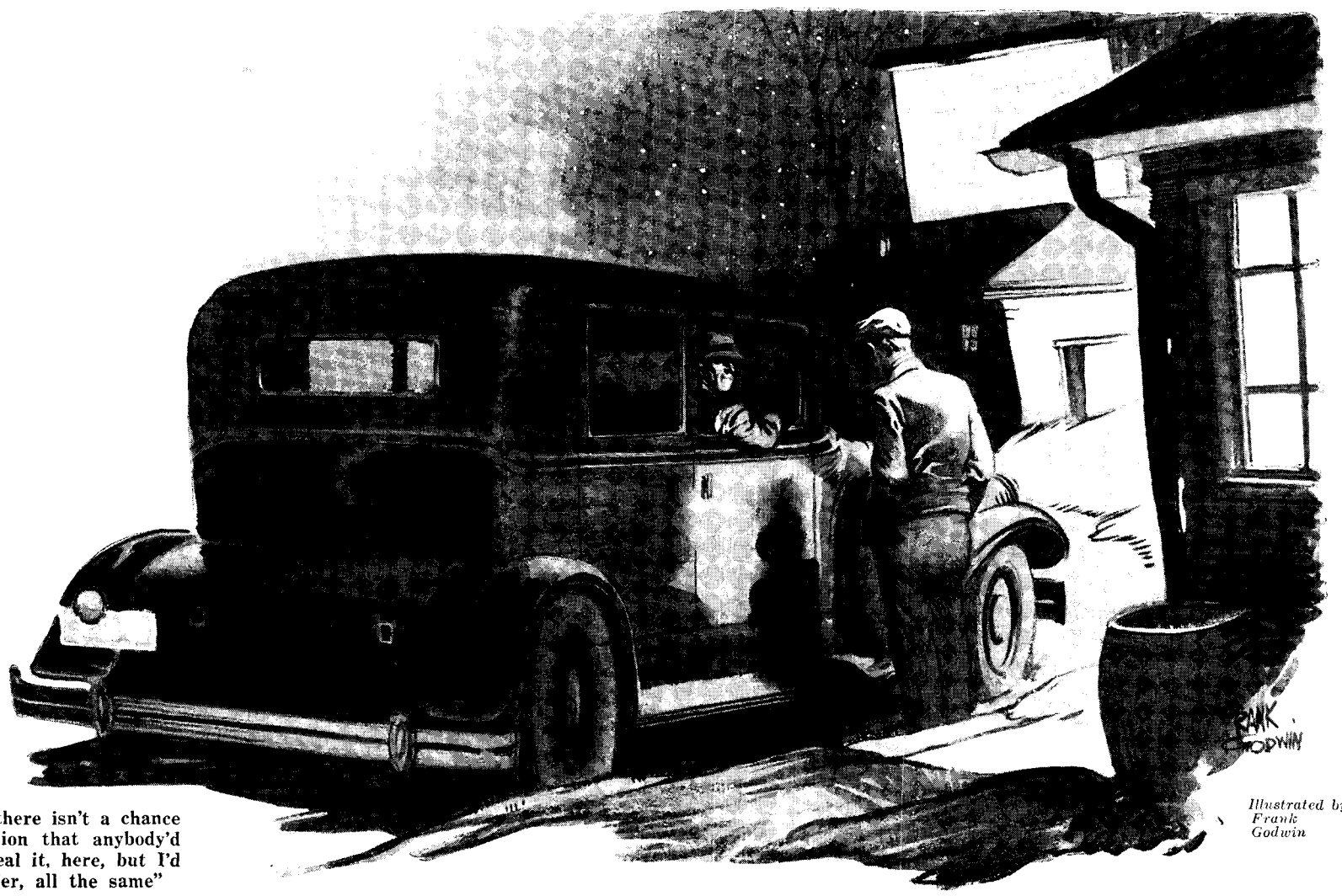

"Prob'ly there isn't a chance in a million that anybody'd try to steal it, here, but I'd feel safer, all the same"

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

By Request

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ROCCO wanted a lift, but he wanted it in the right kind of a car and with the right kind of a driver. He did not wag his thumb in the beseeching gesture of the hitch-hiker until the sedan had almost overtaken him and he could be sure that it was the right kind for his present need and purpose — a stock model of a medium-priced make, not glaringly new. Hard to trace, Rocco thought, and easy to sell.

About the driver, Rocco did not need to guess. Unless he was the right kind, from Rocco's point of view, he wouldn't stop. The wrong kind of drivers were cagey enough not to pick up hitch-hikers on lonesome roads like this.

This one was the right kind. He even jammed on his brakes so hard that the car, sliding on locked, squealing tires, halted only a few yards beyond Rocco. He snickered as he ran after it. Only a sucker would have burned his tires that way. This was going to be easy.

"Much obliged," he said, scrambling in at the door that swung hospitably open.

"Same here," the driver said unexpectedly. Rocco stared. "Glad to have company," the other man explained. "Hate driving alone."

"Better'n walking alone, at that," Rocco suggested. The driver grinned.

"Something in that. Going far?"

"Washington." Rocco was always going a long way. Suckers were sorrier for you if you were hoofing it a thousand miles or so, and being sorrier made them a little easier to handle.

"Fine! That's where I'm going. Have company all the way. A lot safer."

"Safer?" Rocco, knowing exactly how safe his company was going to be, barely managed not to laugh.

"Yeah. A lot of hold-ups, these days. Less chance of it when there's two in a car."

Rocco nodded soberly. "That's so. Never thought of it that way before."

"You'd think of it, all right, if you were in my shoes." The driver wagged his head. "Carrying my samples in back. Furs. Worth two or three grand. Plenty of birds on the road would rub a guy out for less'n that."

Rocco managed to keep a straight face. Two or three grand, on top of what Izzy Horvine would pay for the bus! And the poor sap going out of his way to advertise it!

"Lost my keys, too," the driver was saying. "Can't lock the bus. Wouldn't dare stop to eat, all the way home, if I didn't have somebody to sit in the car and watch those samples for me." He laughed. "That's where you come in, buddy. Work your passage, hey?"

ROCCO nodded. His right hand paused in its movement toward the holster under his left arm. He hadn't any deep prejudice against gunplay, but, other things being equal, he preferred to avoid even a remote chance of sitting in one of those uncomfortable chairs they keep at state prisons for people who are unlucky about rubbing out a sucker. He wouldn't need to give this bird the works.

"Here's where I feed." The car swerved in toward a frowzy little wayside lunch-room. The driver climbed out. "Looks foolish to ask you to stay in the car while I'm eating. Prob'ly there isn't a chance in a million that anybody'd try to steal it, here, but I'd feel safer, all the same." He glanced at the shanty. "See? No telephone wires. If somebody got away with the bus while the two of us were inside, eating, we wouldn't have a prayer of getting him caught."

Once more Rocco succeeded in keeping his face from showing how he felt. He nodded soberly.

"That's right. You go ahead and eat. I ain't hungry, anyway."

"O. K. Much obliged." The driver didn't even look back. The door of the shack slapped cheerfully shut behind him. Rocco could afford, at last, to release the joyous snicker that was choking him. He slid over behind the wheel and his foot stepped gladly on the starter-button.

The car, he discovered, wouldn't do better than fifty, but this, he told himself, was plenty. There wasn't any special hurry; for thirty miles the road ran through an empty country of scrub-oak wilderness; without a telephone it would be a long time before the sucker could make his squawk to the bulls.

"And he's got no kick, at that," Rocco thought. "He's only gettin' what he ast fer, ain't he?"

The idea pleased him. He kept chuckling over it. If the poor sap had wanted to lose his car and his furs he couldn't have managed it any better.

"He ast f'r it," Rocco repeated happily. "Got down on his knees an' jus' begged f'r it!"

Grinning, he drove deliberately into a little straggling town of dingy brick stores and sprawling tobacco warehouses. He felt so safe that when a voice yelled to him to stop he wasn't worried until he noticed the tin shield pinned to a suspender strap and saw a clumsy, old-fashioned revolver leveled at him. He stepped hard on the gas; a bullet whanged past him. Crouched over the wheel, he was in the open country again, with the throttle wide open and a sense of grievance rankling in his spirit.

It didn't make sense. There hadn't been a chance for that simple-minded fur salesman to put up his squeal, and yet, somehow, it must have happened. Rocco glanced back and his grievance rankled deeper. A car was chasing him, a car that was a whole lot faster than any backwoods car had any right to be. It gained on him. A bullet sang by; another made an ugly, splintered splash in the windshield. Rocco knew when he was licked. He pulled over to the roadside and stopped. The other car swept up. The clumsy old gun covered him.

"WHAT'S the big idea?" Rocco whined. "You got me all wrong, brother—"

"Maybe. But we got the car we been watchin' for, all right." Rusty handcuffs clamped shut on Rocco's wrists. A huge, ungentle hand explored his empty pockets. "Where's the money? Might as well give it up."

"What money?" It wasn't necessary, now, for Rocco to pretend that he didn't understand.

"Forgot about it, have you?" The drawling voice sounded amused. "Reckon you don't remember about shootin' up the cashier, neither, while you was robbin' the bank this mornin', down to Cheeraw. Must 've plumb forgot about stealin' this yere car, too, or I reckon you wouldn't 've druv it into no town with them there license numbers jest—"

Rocco's lips moved in an involuntary mumble. The sheriff nodded sagely.

"Just what I aimed to say myself," he said. "Jest askin' for it, that was—yes, sir, jest plumb askin' for it."

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States Righted

We pay forty million dollars a day in taxes—local, county, state and Federal. But when we try to cut down the cost there's trouble, coming largely from officeholders, who constitute one tenth of our working population. That's why states say it's impossible. It's not. It has been done. Here are the inspiring stories of state house-cleaning accomplished by Virginia, Georgia, Maine and Colorado

By Walter Davenport

THIRTY years ago, a small moon-faced boy in Winchester, Virginia, discovered a simple, ancient truth that he at once applied to the declining fortunes of his family and years later to the sorry mess into which the government of his state had fallen. In both crises it worked as such uncomplicated gospel usually does—perfectly.

The lad's name was Byrd—Harry Flood Byrd. He was the son of Richard Evelyn Byrd, who was not only very active in Virginia politics but seems to have been one of those public men who are total, perhaps unconscious, strangers to that simple ancient truth his son picked out of the welter of discarded things.

At that tender age, Harry Flood Byrd announced with all the hot enthusiasm of a discoverer that it was utterly impossible for a family to sleep well of nights, eat regularly by day and realize the joy in life that a clear conscience begets if it didn't get rid of its debts and rewrite its program to fit its income. As a natural corollary to this came his hope somehow to increase that income; but his chief concern, as is ours in this brief survey of what should be quite obvious, was to make expenses fit the financial material at hand. How he got away with it (a neat job, too) will be set forth a little farther along.

Years later, in 1926, Virginia elected him governor. Virginia was in dismal circumstances. She was staggering under her debts and apparently none of her rulers could think of anything to do about it except to borrow more money to meet current obligations. It doesn't require the mind and mental habits of an economist to see that neither the individual nor the state can keep that up and survive. If you're sinking you had better get rid of excess baggage.

But Everyone Can't Do It

To reduce his procedure to its simplest terms, Byrd summoned the heads of the state departments and the masters of the state funds. He learned from the former just how much it was costing to conduct the political scheme of Virginia and from the latter how much money there was to meet it. The first was several times as large as the latter, so he merely cut the cost of government to fit the income and—well, there you have it.

It is a criminal waste of your time to protest that things aren't done that way, that it is not so simple, that the expediencies of politics render it impracticable if not impossible. It was done—and just that way. Moreover, it is idle to scoff that there's no trick in it and that anybody could do it. Apparently everybody can't do it.

In a number of states you behold noble gestures. But it takes a governor of singular independence and courage to stand out against the everlasting office-holder. One whose first regard is not his job.

While Harry Byrd was doing just that in Virginia, a man ten years younger than he was dividing his time in Georgia between practicing law and watching Virginia.

Georgia's young man, Richard Brevard Russell, Jr., a lanky, taciturn son of the farm, was unlike so many young lawyers in that he did not aspire to politics as a bread-winning occupation. But it occurred to him, after much earnest thought, that the fortunes of the business and the professional man were in direct relation to the social and financial health of the country or subdivision thereof in which he practiced his calling.

It followed that, business being quite ill in Georgia as elsewhere, the logical thing was to do something about the government of Georgia. Fundamentally, a hot application or assuaging lotion should have been applied to the world at large. Or at least to the government of the United States. But Mr. Russell, a modest man with a nice sense of proportion, did not essay the rôle of the universal healer. Nor did he leap into the national arena with loud proclamations of salvation. Georgia, he thought, was just about his current size. He understood Georgia, who, like most of her sister states, was too heavily weighted with debt and archaic custom to heave to her feet, shake herself free and start off in a new direction.

His thinking and conclusions were frankly parallel with Mr. Byrd's. In fact the Byrd program was his inspiration, his model.

Top to bottom, Harry F. Byrd, ex-governor of Virginia, and Governors Russell and Gardiner of Georgia and Maine

Young Mr. Russell, whose annual earned income was several times the governor's salary, realized that there were just two ways for aspirants to appeal for votes. The first and more popular (more popular because it required less intelligence on both sides and fewer commitments) was strictly sentimental. It was the way of the stuffed shirt. One of the country's sources of current woe was the stuffed shirt.

You adapted your oratory to fit your audience. Polite, corn-mush demagoguery. You merely filled the ears of gaping audiences with outrageous flattery and soapy sophistry. You wept and chirruped fatuously at mothers' meetings and leered at stag socials—a gallant here and a man's man there. You recalled the glories of the Confederacy or of the Union, according to your geographical surroundings, and wound up with poetical references to the cotton fields or prairies of wheat. And if elected as the least offensive of the field, the rest was easy. You merely entertained nobly, picked a cabinet from the better social class, laid plenty of corner stones and borrowed tremendously to pay for it, leaving your successor to do likewise—if he could. Simple as a moonbeam and ruinous as moonshine.

If, said Mr. Russell, that was the type of governor Georgia craved, Georgia had better elect someone else. Frankly, he went on, he was making no appeal to the raw emotions. This was no time to play Dixie on the heart-strings. Rather it was just about the time to play Hallelujah on the purse-strings. Georgia was broke and the condition had passed on, being contagious, to much of her citizenry.

Mr. Russell Gets a Job

He, Richard Russell, wasn't sure he had the cure. He was utterly candid about that. All that he asked was that Georgia elect somebody who would try, and if there was any man in whose promises the electorate had more faith—for the love of Georgia, elect that man.

Such then was the Russell campaign. He won the nomination so easily that his opposition quit struggling. In fact, the opposition had quit some time before the

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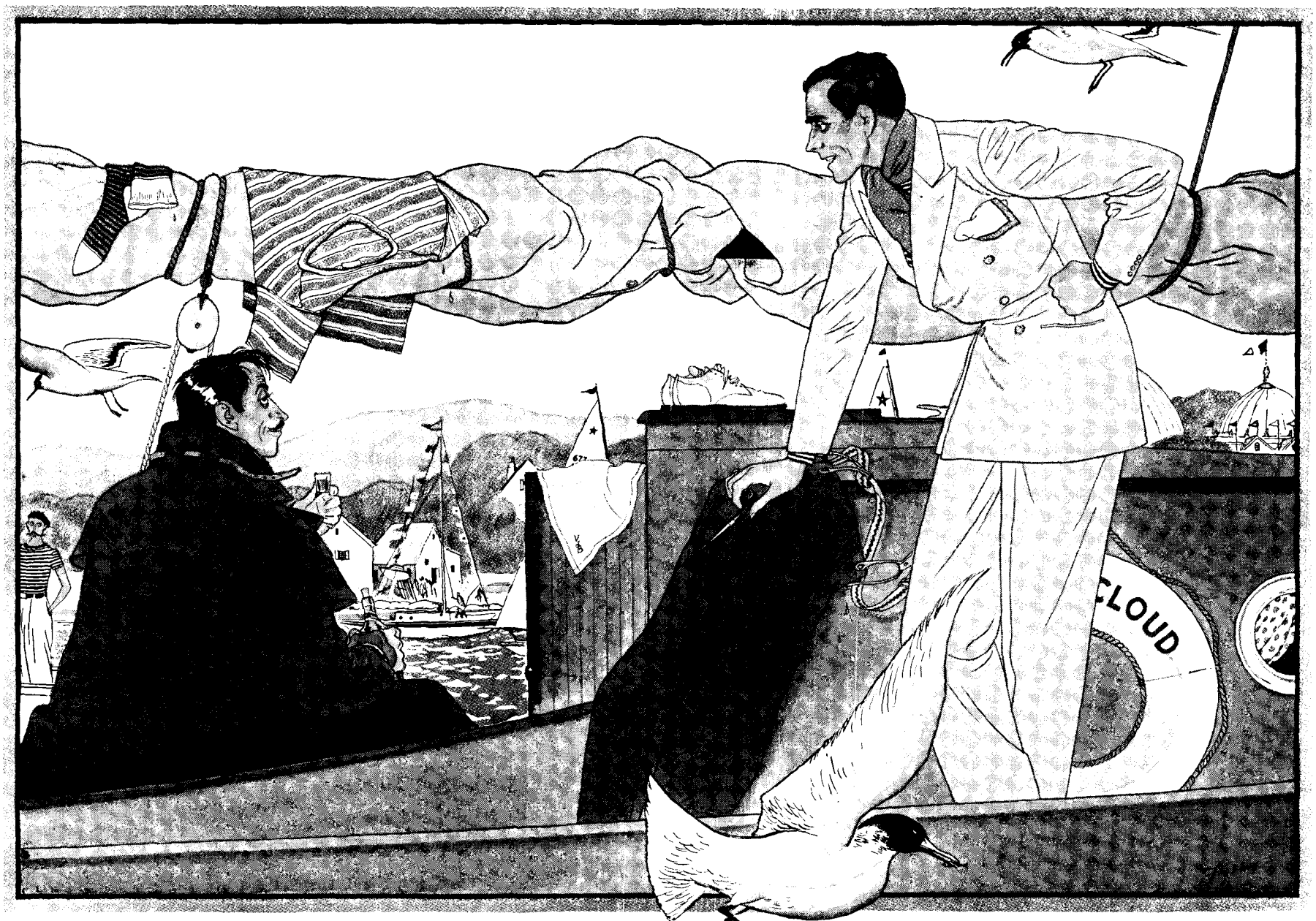

The vicomte was now drinking a medicinal dram against a possible cold in the head

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

HIS fiancée, Lady Beatrice Bracken, having left for the country, "Packy" Franklyn, a young American, finds himself alone in London. He yearns for excitement. He finds it. . . . Senator Opal, of the U. S. A., accompanied by his daughter, Jane, is in London—at a hotel. Packy goes to the hotel for a haircut. The barbers are on strike. The telephone rings. Packy answers it. "Send a barber to suite 400 at once!" barks a voice. "I'm Senator Opal!"

Packy, posing as a barber, lies him to the suite. He cuts the senator's hair. . . .

Let us now hop to France—to the Château Blissac, near the little town of St. Roque. Having rented the château, the Gedges—J. Wellington and his wife of Glendale, California—are ensconced therein. Mrs. Gedge is rich. Mr. Gedge is not. And Mr. Gedge is miserable: his Napoleonic mate is scheming to make him ambassador to France!

Watching the Gedges are two crooks—"Oily" Carlisle and "Soup" Slattery. They are planning to rob the château. Mrs. Gedge departs for England. Hoping to meet her, win her friendship, Mr. Carlisle, a smooth worker, follows her. . . . Guests are due at the château: the Vicomte de Blissac (a charming young drunkard known as "Veek"), and the Opals. Let us now see what has happened to the senator's hair. Packy has cut it. The senator has looked in a glass. He is not pleased, and so expresses himself—with great force. Packy departs.

Miss Opal has witnessed the episode. Like Packy, she is engaged. The object of her affections is one Eggleston—Blair Eggleston, a small, pale writer, with side-whiskers. She gives Packy the news. Then—"But we don't dare tell Father. He'd have seventeen fits. He wants me to marry the son of a rich Frenchwoman—the Vicomte de Blissac."

Packy and the vicomte are pals. But Packy is gazing into a pair of lovely eyes. He does not hesitate. "*De Blissac!*" he gasps. "Why, I know that bird well. If I were a girl, I wouldn't marry him on a bet!"

III

JANE gazed at Packy, surprised. "I'm not going to marry the vicomte. I'm going to marry Blair."

Packy did not want to depress her, but he could not help looking doubtful.

"You think you are," he said. "But my experience is that you never know whom you're going to marry in this world. I once thought I was going to marry a cabaret girl called Myrtle Blandish."

"Were you engaged to her?"

"All signed on the dotted line. And then one day I got a letter from her saying that she had run off with a man named Scott or Pott or even—her handwriting was practically illegible—Bott. It just shows you, doesn't it? However, I can see now that it was the best thing that could have happened—except possibly for poor old Bott. A nice girl, but essentially a female Veek. It wouldn't have done. Her habit of never going to bed before five would alone have been enough to spoil the coziness of the home."

"And now you're engaged to Lord Stableford's daughter? Rather a step up."

"Quite. Both socially and spiritually. They don't come more spiritual than Beatrice."

"Is that her name? Beatrice what?"

"Bracken."

"Not Lady Beatrice Bracken? I've seen photographs of her in the papers. She must be lovely."

"Lovely! Say, have you ever seen Greta Garbo?"

"Yes."

"And Constance Bennett?"

"Yes."

"And Norma Shearer?"

"Of course I have."

"Mix 'em together and what have you got? Beatrice."

"And did you really say what you were telling us to Lord Stableford?"

"Well, not those actual words, perhaps. But I was firm with him, very firm."

"And he crawled?"

"I had him pawing at my trouser-legs. Of course, I'm pretty rich. That may have helped."

"Blair has hardly any money."

"BUT they tell me that everybody whose opinion matters regards him as one of the leaders of the younger school of novelists."

"So he is. But he writes the sort of books that most people don't read. He's above their heads, I mean. As a matter of fact, he makes practically nothing out of his novels."

"How does he eat?"

"He's got a job with the British Broadcasting Company."

Packy was interested. He liked his radio of an evening.

"Is he the fellow who says 'Good night, everybody, *good* night!'?"

"No. He . . ."

"I've got him placed. He's the one who lectures on stock prices."

"No. He does the noises off."

"How do you mean, the noises off?"

"Well, when they have a sketch or something where they have to have noises, Blair makes them."

"I get you. You mean, somebody says, 'Hurrah, girls, here comes the Royal Bodyguard!' and Blair goes tramp, tramp, tramp."

"Yes. And all sorts of other noises. He's awfully clever at it."

Packy nodded.

"I can quite see why you want to marry him. The home can never be dull if at any moment the husband is able to imitate a motor horn or the mating-cry of the boll weevil. But you don't think your father will take that view?"

"Father is very material. He seems to think so much of money."

"And just about now Eggleston *is* breaking it to him that he hasn't any. Tell me, what is the greatest number of wildcats your father has ever killed with his teeth in a given time?"

The question seemed to displease the girl.

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that."

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"I'm sorry."

"They may get along splendidly."

"They may."

"What I'm hoping is that, even if Father doesn't agree to our marrying at once, at least he will like Blair well enough to give him some good job."

"Imitating boll weevils?"

IN THE bearing of Jane Opal as she hitched herself round in her chair and gazed at Packy there was something of the old fire.

"I see you have a cauliflower ear."

"An old football wound."

"Want another?"

"No, thanks."

"Then, don't talk like that. Blair is a very wonderful man, and he only makes noises off because his books are so clever that the public won't buy them. Critics say he is the coming novelist."

"And here he comes."

Blair Eggleston had suddenly appeared in the lobby and was standing peering hither and thither in search of his vanished lady. Even at this distance it was evident that he was somewhat dazed. His face wore a bewildered, stunned look.

"Well, he's still in one piece," said Packy, "and there don't seem to be any teeth marks on him. Can Dad be losing his pep?"

"He looks goofy," said Jane. "I wonder what the matter is."

She called loudly, and the coming novelist, at last sighting her, advanced totteringly, as one who has either suffered some severe spiritual shock or received a punch in the wind.

"Well?" said Jane. "Well?"

Blair Eggleston blinked.

"I say . . ."

"What happened?"

"Well, I went in . . ."

"And what happened?"

"Well, I went in, and he was standing there, and before I could get a word out he said 'Are you honest and sober?' "

"Honest and sober?" squeaked Jane.

"The first thing fathers ask prospective sons-in-law," Packy assured her. "Pure routine."

"And what did you say?"

"I said I was."

"THAT sounds like the right answer," said Packy critically.

"And then he asked me if I knew how to take care of clothes. And I said I did. And then he said, 'Well, you don't look like much, but I suppose I've got to give you a trial.' And I suddenly discovered that he had engaged me as his valet."

"What!"

"Just what you were hoping," said Packy. "You said you wished your father would give him a job. The dream came true. Local Boy Makes Good."

Jane was wrestling with her chagrin.

"But, Blair! . . . Didn't you explain?"

"I hadn't time. The telephone rang, and he told me to answer it, and it was this Mrs. Gedge you are going to stay with. She was downstairs and wanted to see him. So he told me to get out, and I got out."

This information diverted Jane momentarily from the matter in hand.

"Mrs. Gedge? Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"I wonder what she's doing over here. I must go and ask Father."

She dismissed the subject of Mrs. Gedge.

"Then you really mean you left it at that?"

"Your father's last words were that I should meet him at the boat-train at Waterloo Station tomorrow."

"Well, that's fine," said Packy. He turned to Jane, who seemed in need of a kindly word of encouragement. "Don't you see how everything has worked for the best? You would like him to be at St. Rocque with you, wouldn't you? Well, now he will be, and actually in the same house. You can snatch secret meetings with him and bill and coo across the senator's Sunday pants while he's brushing them."

"Why, of course! I never thought of that."

DESPITE what he had been through, the haughty spirit of the Egglestons was still alive in Blair. He stared incredulously and with not a little indignation.

"Are you under the impression that I really intend to come to St. Rocque as your father's valet?" he asked haughtily.

Jane's eyes were shining. The chin which she inherited from the Opal side of the family was tilted and resolute.

"I am," she said definitely. "Why, Blair, it's wonderful. You'll be always with Father, making him get fond of you. So that, when we think the time is ripe and I go to him and say, 'You know that valet of yours, Father? Well, that's the man I want to marry,' he will say, 'Fine! I liked him from the start,' and everything will be lovely."

"But I don't know how to be a valet!"

"It's quite easy," Packy assured him. "A fellow with a brain like yours will pick it up in a minute. Just fold and brush and brush and fold and remember to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' and 'Indeed, sir?' and 'Very good, sir.' Oh, and one thing. Be very careful how you remove spots from the clothing. I knew a man who was fired for removing a spot from his employer's clothing."

"What a shame!" said Jane. "Why?"

"It was a ten-spot," explained Packy.

"Ah," said Mr. Eggleston succinctly. His face had the vacant look of one doing mental arithmetic.

It was the opinion of Mr. Gordon Carlisle—and Soup Slattery, it will be remembered, had agreed with him—that women are tough. Packy, returning to his rooms after visiting the barber, found himself forced to the same conclusion.

That edict of Beatrice's that he should remain in London was weighing on him heavily. He was aware of a disquieting restlessness. He had picked up his yachting magazine and was re-reading the advertisement of which he had spoken to her at Waterloo. It virtually amounted to a prose poem:

FOR CHARTER—Auxiliary yawl, Flying Cloud, 45 feet over all, 39 feet on waterline, 13-foot beam, Marconi rig, powered with 40 h.p. Universal motor, speed under power 8 m.p.h. Sleeping accommodations for four, large cockpit, good head room, sails and rigging in excellent shape, boat fully found, including cooking utensils, silver, etc.

He sighed wistfully. An advertisement like that, he felt, was not the sort of thing to dangle before the eyes of a young man whose fiancée had told him to stay in London and go to concerts.

It was as he threw away the magazine so that he should be tortured no more by all those pictures of ketches and sloops and combination keel-and-centerboard schooners that the telephone rang. He went to it, prepared to work off his depression by being very terse, but became instantly cordial on recognizing the voice of Jane Opal.

A gregarious young man, Packy liked most people at sight, but he could not remember ever having been so completely attracted to anyone at a first meeting as he had been to this Jane Opal.

There was something about her—he had noticed it even when she had been very properly ticking him off—which had seemed to speak—perfectly platonically—to the depths of his soul. A kindred spirit, if ever there was one, and the thought that she was madly throwing herself away on a fellow like Blair Eggleston rather saddened him. Not that it mattered to him, personally, of course, but he felt it was a pity.

"Hello!" he said with marked good will.

"Oh, Mr. Franklyn!"

IT BECAME evident to Packy that something had occurred to induce in this girl an overwhelming excitement. She was gurgling and bubbling and squeaking. So much so that he felt impelled to utter a kindly protest.

"Pull yourself together, chump," he urged. "I can't hear a word."

"Well, listen. Do you remember, when you were cutting Father's hair, something he said about a letter?"

"I didn't miss a word. He had decided not to make Mr. Gedge ambassador to France, and he had written to Mrs. Gedge telling her so."

"That's right." There was a pause. "Gosh, I'm all jellied with excitement. Father wrote that letter to Mrs. Gedge."

"Right."

"But—this is the point—he didn't. I mean, by the same mail he happened to be writing to his bootlegger in New York, kicking about the overcharges in his last bill. . . . Yes, his *bootlegger*. . . . And what did he do but get the envelopes mixed up, so that Mrs. Gedge got the bootlegger's letter and Mrs. Gedge's letter is now on its way to New York."

"Good heavens! Not really?" Packy was stunned. There

(Continued on page 34)

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

Blair Eggleston had suddenly appeared and was standing peering hither and thither in search of his vanished lady

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The Perils of Paris

How it came to pass that Edward Shirley made the One-and-Only Girl promise to hate him—and why the One-and-Only Girl promised

By B.L. Jacot

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

PARIS in the springtime is a dangerous place. When the first winy touch of it drifts along the Avenue des Champs Elysées, veiling the trees in a haze of green, and *garçons* sing as they flap their napkins at the table tops, and taxi men throw off their hibernating sheepskin coats to toot perpetually along the boulevards, and sparrows fight in the Jardin du Luxembourg—anything may happen. English, Americans, even the French forget what they owe in pounds and dollars and francs and get cricks in the neck looking over their shoulders at the dolls in the Rue de Rivoli. It is, they say, something in the air.

Edward Shirley had heard about this, but he did not care. When Aunt Edith Shirley's letter arrived he had been in Paris two days, and if there was anything in the air he was going to try that, too. Slipping past that official hotel observation post, the office-bedroom of Mme. La Concierge, and out into the crystal-and-blue of the Rue Delambre, he filled his lungs. He liked this place Paris. He liked France. There was only one thing Teddie did not like that morning—the memory of that girl in the train. It seemed he could not stop thinking of what she had called him.

Down the street, an elderly citizen in a spade beard and canary-yellow carpet slippers was filling the air with sound and with hand signals over the purchase of a slice of pumpkin, exposed on the footwalk for sale. A gendarme, it seemed, was on this citizen's side, but two soldiers at a first-floor window were firm for the pumpkin seller, a female unseen. A postman on the other side of the street was embracing a friend on the doorstep as he delivered the mail, two dog fights were in progress, and in the distance a tramway car had run off the rails. Paris!

Pulling at the brim of his hat, Teddie Shirley passed a wink across to the large yellow cat in the window of the *blanchisserie* next door and swung whistling down towards the Café du Dome on the corner of the Boulevard du Montparnasse. For the three months he had been traveling before settling down to the job that was waiting for him with the family firm, his folks had left him alone. Now, it seemed from Aunt Edith Shirley's letter, they wanted him.

Pushing into the café, he lined himself up against the zinc counter beyond the billiard tables, and, calling for a *café-crème* and *croissants*, dipped those horseshoe rolls into the long glass and passed it off as breakfast—an old Paris custom. When he had picked up this tip from a friend the day before, he was quick to appreciate the *cachet* it gave. As good, he told himself as he munched the mush, as a trunkload of pictorial baggage labels.

As he was negotiating the last sopping fragment a voice from a table behind broke in. "I think," it said, "these Frenchmen are too disgusting!"

At the sound of it Teddie started—and the sop, skidding on his chin, dropped with a squelch on the toe of his left shoe. A feminine "*Oh!*" went with it as it fell. Setting the teeth, Teddie swung around. He knew that voice. For two restless nights he had been recalling the names it had called him on the train.

"YOU again?" he managed. Naturally diffident and full of ideas about Old World chivalry, the affair rankled.

"Oh!" A stain of color came to tint the girl's complexion. "If I had known it was you," she said at length, "I would never have spoken. Can't I travel anywhere without running into you?"

For a moment Teddie considered it. One of the bitter points of the late affair was that this girl was so attractive. Those heavily-lashed blue eyes looked innocent, her perfect complexion carried a lingering fragrance of the schoolroom. Yet this girl could say things quicker than you could listen.

"Do you have to do that, anyway?" she asked again. "Teeth bad?"

Teddie flushed scarlet. "I do it to please myself."

Catching the eye of some girl who had come into the café with her, she laughed. "Anyone," she said, "could see that." Turning away, she began a conversation with this friend.

With his hands thrust deep into his pockets Teddie blamed his luck. When he left Switzerland for Paris there had been trouble over the reservation of his seat in the train. At Territet, finding bags piled on Seat 78, he told the *porteur* to move them. Those bags had come back into his compartment like an avalanche as the train was pulling out—and with them this girl.

"Are you the person who had my bags thrown out of the train?" were the first words she had spoken to him, fingers working.

"Out—out of the train?" he echoed. "I—"

"It may interest you to know," she told him with dangerous calm, "that a suitcase caught me on the shin as you threw it out. If someone hadn't picked me up I should have missed the train."

Viewed from any angle, it had been a poor start. But Teddie worked hard. By the time they reached the French frontier the girl was allowing him to carry her suitcase when they got down out of the train to pass through the customs. On the way to the sheds, however, he managed to knock the spring catch on that bag, and it flew open, spreading the contents on the boards. The first intimation the girl had that all was not well was when she turned to see Teddie struggling on his knees to stuff a flimsy thing in crêpe de Chine back into the case. Crimson, she had snatched it away from him, and when a French official, attracted by the scene, pounced on contraband in the scattered heap—well, then she had let herself go.

"Don't let us stop you, if you are thinking of eating again," the girl suggested, with irony, turning on him afresh. It was clear she was still thinking of that flimsy garment.

"I've finished. Thank you," he told her stiffly.

"Not quite." She indicated the sop clinging to his shoe. "I shouldn't like to feel that I had deprived— *Oh!*"

TO REMOVE that sop Teddie had viciously jerked his leg and, like soap grabbed in the bath, it had skimmed, to explode on the edge of her table and land in her lap. "I'm—I'm sorry," he began, aghast. "Let me—"

"I think you're—you're impossible!" Her eyes blazing, she was on her feet now, shaking out her dress. "Of all the hideous, odious— Oh, why don't you go away!"

"I hope you—"

"Oh, don't talk to me!"

"Only an accident. I—"

Her voice rose to a squeal: "Go away!"

Teddie went. Outside, he tried to calm himself. It seemed he had only to go near that girl for something to go wrong. He turned down the Boulevard Raspail. A citizen wearing three hats was blowing a long brass horn. As Teddie pulled up, interested, he parked his handcart and came over. The first thing this man did was to remove Teddie's hat and turn it neatly inside out. He seemed offended when Teddie would not accept three francs for it.

Farther on, a gang of men were hosing down the street, stopping the drains and paddling about with witches' brooms. In saying good morning to them, Teddie must have offended someone, for they left their work to follow him a hundred yards down the street, arguing with both hands. At the bottom, by the Rue du Bac, a sailor stopped Teddie and, raising his sailor's hat, took the cigarette from Teddie's fingers to light his cigar; then, raising his hat once more, handed back the cigarette and passed on. It seemed the Navy was short of matches.

In the shade of a newspaper kiosk he pulled out Aunt Edith Shirley's letter and read it again. Some story of burglars mixed up with a girl who was going to fly from Bordeaux to Brazil. Aunt Edith wanted him to come out and stay at St. Cloud. He did not follow what it was all about, but he considered the matter. Somewhere in Paris was this girl. Paris was a big city but, he thought, not big enough. Sidestepping a taxi that had taken a short cut over the footwalk, he turned down the Nord-Sud. At St. Lazare he took a ticket to St. Cloud.

Aunt Edith Shirley welcomed him as he arrived at her feudal château among the beech trees. A *larbin* took his bag and passed it on to a friend, also in a striped waistcoat. Like a bucket at the village fire, it was handed on out of sight. Wolfhounds were stretched before a huge log fire and a tall stained-glass window flooded an old oak staircase in Nile green and mauve.

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A stain of color came to her complexion. "Can't I travel anywhere without running into you?"

"I knew I could depend on you, Edward," Aunt Edith said.

Teddie pulled himself together. "I got your letter, Aunt. What's wrong?"

"Listen," begged Aunt Shirley. "On top of all this trouble about the burglaries, there's a girl staying here—Gloria Grosvenor. Her mother is an old friend; she was at school with your mother and myself. Well, it seems she met a French airman, and the first her mother heard of the affair was when she had Gloria's cable saying she was going to attempt a transatlantic flight with this man. Her mother cabled to me at once to stop it and sailed on the next boat. I managed to get Gloria to come and stay, but she won't listen to me. I'm afraid she'll run off at any moment."

"But—what can I do?" The family had a habit of handing all sorts of odd jobs to Teddie, but he had never tried anything like this. "Surely, the girl—"

"YOU'RE a dear, sweet boy, Teddie. You always were. You see, I'm all alone here except for the servants and these men fixing the burglar alarms. There's been such an epidemic of burglaries round here in the last few months. And you can imagine what the French police do about it. Nothing, of course. I don't feel safe. I shan't feel safe until the house is burglar-proof. My jewelry—"

He laughed. "I'll keep an eye on the place, Aunt. And on that girl, too, if it's bothering you." He knew all about Aunt Edith Shirley's jewelry—and half Europe did, too. It cost a small fortune in insurance.

Slipping an arm through his, she led him across the baronial hall. "You'll like Gloria, I'm sure. Charming, but a little—well, high-spirited. A man can manage these things so much better."

In the library Teddie saw a pair of legs perched up against the fireplace. "Gloria, dear," called Aunt Edith, "I want you to meet my nephew, Edward. He's come to stay with us."

The girl twisted herself out of the chair, and as she turned to face them Teddie's face fell.

"We've met before," she said at length, distantly, it seemed to Aunt Edith Shirley.

"In the train," confirmed Teddie.

"And," insisted the girl, "this morning in a café."

"Yes."

"Why!" enthused Aunt Edith Shirley, "what a delightful coincidence. Then I'll leave you young folks together."

"Look here," Teddie began fairly when they were alone. "I'm sorry about that bit of bread this morning. It was a pure accident."

"Yes?"

He colored under the insult. "Well, I'm sorry, that's all."

For a while she ran an eye over him, taking in the freckles, neat ears, unruly blond hair and huge muscular limbs. "Do you really mean to say," she demanded finally, "that you are staying in this house, too?"

He nodded. Up to that moment he had not noticed how *chic* and fresh she looked.

"Then I'm moving out first thing in the morning."

"I don't think so," Teddie said.

"*You* don't think so? And why not?"

"Because," argued Teddie, "your mother says you are to stay. Why go, anyway?"

She threw the book she was hugging down into the chair. "Let me tell you why! Simply because I loathe the sight of you. I'd sooner be shut up in the same house with a gorilla."

GLORIA GROSVENOR did not leave the Château d'Or next morning. Aunt Edith Shirley may have had something to do with it, but she cornered Teddie after breakfast. "If you think you can chase me out of the house," she said, "you're wrong. I don't see why I should have to keep going out of my way to avoid you. Do your worst. I expect I've seen it, anyway."

Teddie bowed. "Going riding?" he asked.

"What sharp eyes you've got!" With the toe of her glossy top-boot she was kicking at the carpet. "Was our Little Love Boy thinking of coming, too?"

"I'd like to."

"Some girls," she sighed, "are born unlucky." But she waited at the lodge gates for him until he arrived.

In the long meadows beyond the Stade Français Country Club, she pulled up, her mare's flanks flecked with foam. "You don't ride badly," she allowed. "Done any steeplechasing?"

"A little here and there. I'm too heavy." Teddie had an elder brother who generally got a mount in the Grand National. "But I seem to have done a bit over the sticks this morning. You know which end is which yourself."

"Isn't that marvelous!" she mocked, and, slackening the reins, pressed forward in a canter.

That afternoon they played billiards together, and again after dinner that night. It seemed to Teddie that she divided her time between baiting him, and shooting appraising glances at him whenever he was not looking. He had to admit she knew how to strike the eye with evening gowns. She looked fine astride that mare, too. As his aunt said good night to him she fixed him for a moment queerly. "She seems to be making fun of you all the time," she offered. "What a peculiar girl."

"Peculiar is right!" he agreed.

"In four days her mother will be here. I should be so upset if anything happened before then."

"I'll hang round, Aunt," he promised, and he did. When he came to review it afterwards, he seemed to spend the next two days as Gloria's shadow. She seemed fond of billiards, even when played with him, and most of the daylight hours they spent riding in the forest. The third evening of his stay at the château a girl in Paris called him on the telephone, and he drove in to meet her and dance. "Thank goodness!" commented Gloria when she had cross-questioned him about that telephone call.

NEXT morning she lingered about the oak-timbered dining-hall while he dealt with his breakfast, and Teddie, expecting developments with the air ace at any moment, wondered what was on her mind. Usually she avoided him.

"I'm going fishing," she announced at length.

"Oh?"

"If you cared to come, too, I'd try to bear it." In a tweed skirt and skiing jumper she was investigating a dish of grilled sausages on the sideboard. From the back, Teddie thought, her figure looked neat and trim.

"Right," he agreed. "Fishing it is."

They lunched from a basket in the woods, and it seemed to Teddie that at times this girl was almost normal. She certainly knew how to catch fish. That evening found them in Paris, dancing at the Langouste Portugaise, and it was Teddie who had driven her there in Aunt Edith's Voisin coupé. Strange things had been happening to him that day out in the spring sunshine.

As they sat at the little table beside the superb dance floor under that sliding roof, with the pin-prick lights of the Champs Elysées gleaming like stars against the velvet softness of the night, Teddie found himself summing up on the job Aunt Edith Shirley had wished on him. And as he thought it all out his eyes lingered over Gloria's profile. The fourth day now, and all going well. No air aces, no burglars—not that he expected burglars. Aunt Edith Shirley thrived on the thought of thieves; since she seldom wore her famous jewels, that must be her only pleasure in the collection.

"Gloria—"

She turned her eyes on him dreamily. "What's wrong now, Teddie?" she asked.

Maybe it was something in the springtime air: something, perhaps, about this Paris night. Anyway, she was wearing a marvelous Sèvres blue frock, trailing to a pointed tail at her heels, and when she looked at him he felt happy. "Nothing wrong," he said. "I was just going to say everything was—just fine."

She let her eyes wander lazily over the freckles, the broad shoulders, that lingering smile. "Sometimes, you know,"

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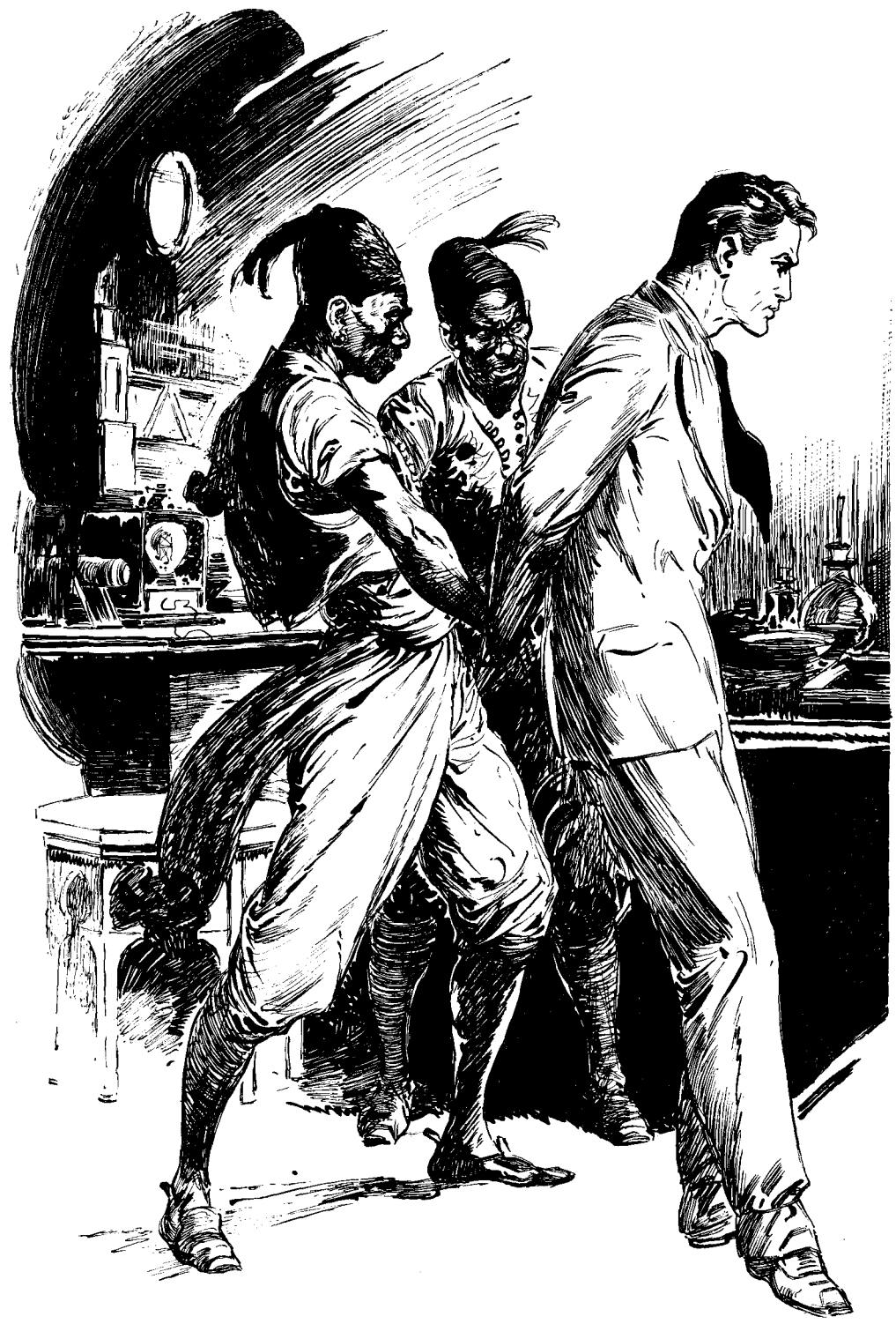
The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



The Story Thus Far:

SIR LIONEL BARTON, brilliant Orientalist, finds, loots and destroys the long-lost tomb of El Mokanna, the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassân." A series of weird adventures (culminating in the murder of Dr. van Berg, a member of the party) ensues; and the truth becomes apparent. El Mokanna still has loyal followers—dangerous fanatics, all. Under the leadership of a mysterious figure (El Mokanna, they believe, come to life again) they are planning a great rebellion. For reasons known only to themselves, they are determined to gain possession of the objects removed from the tomb.

Sir Lionel goes to Cairo. There—with Dr. Petrie, an old friend; Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a clever detective; Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's niece; and Rima's fiancé, Shan Greville (who tells the story)—he awaits developments. El Mokanna's relics (in an old suitcase) he guards zealously. . . .

Soon another startling adventure begins for Shan. He is now well aware that he *and his associates are in great peril: behind* the vast new movement is Si-Fan, most powerful, most evil of all secret organizations—and directing Si-Fan is none other than the most sinister figure the world has ever known: the terrible Dr. Fu Manchu! In the garden at Shepheard's, he sees a woman. He recognizes her—she is Fah Lo Suee, the beautiful but dangerous daughter of Fu Manchu!

The woman leaves the garden, enters a car, drives rapidly away. Shan, in a taxicab, pursues her. It is night. The chase is a long one. It ends in a strange section of the city. Fah Lo Suee's car stops; she gets out, glides into a narrow alley. Shan rushes after her, breathlessly. At the entrance to the alley, he halts in amazement. Fu Manchu's daughter has vanished!

V

I BEGAN to grope my way along a dark, unevenly paved passage, but I had taken no more than two steps forward when the folly of my behavior crashed upon me like a revelation. If the woman who had disappeared somewhere ahead was indeed she whom we had known as Madame Ingomar, what a fool was I to thrust myself into this trap!

For a man to experience such terrors in regard to a woman may seem feeble; but from bitter experience I knew something of the weapons at command of Fah Lo Suee. That I might be mistaken about the identity of the wearer of the gold mask was remotely possible, but no more than remotely so.

In a few fleeting seconds I reviewed the queer episode from the moment when I had seen that green-robed figure in Shepheard's garden—and I realized with bleak certainty that her behavior had been directed to one end and to one end only. A trap had been baited . . . and I had fallen into it like the veriest fool.

I pulled up sharply, stretching out my hands to learn if any obstruction lay ahead. In the heat of the chase I had thrown precaution aside. I realized now, too late, that I was unarmed, alone; no one but the driver of the taxicab had the slightest idea where I had gone.

This sane counsel came in the same moment that panic threatened. What else I could have done if the woman were not to escape unmasked was not clear. But to have sent a message to Smith, to Petrie, to the chief, before setting out, seemed now a more reasonable course.

And as the things which I had not done presented themselves starkly before me, a wave of that abominable perfume of mimosa, which to the end of my days I must associate with the death of poor van Berg, was swept into my face. . . .

IT STIFLED me, engulfed me, struck me dumb. I remember that I tried to cry out, recognizing in this awful moment that my only chance was to attract the attention of the Egyptian driver.

But never a sound came, only an increase of darkness, a deadly sickness and a maddening knowledge that among fools in the land of Egypt I might claim high rank. . . .

My next impression was of acute pain in the left ankle. My head was swimming as though I had recently indulged in a wild debauch, and my eyelids were so heavy that I seemed to experience physical difficulty in raising them.

I did raise them, however, and (a curious circumstance, later to be explained) my brain immediately began to function from the very moment that I had smelled that ghastly perfume.

My first thought now *overlapped my last before* unconsciousness had claimed me. I thought that I lay in that nameless alley somewhere behind the Mosque of Muayyâd and that in falling I had twisted my ankle. I expected darkness, but I saw light.

Raising my hand, I rubbed my aching eyes, staring about me dazedly. I was furiously thirsty, but in absolute possession of my senses. I looked down at my ankle, which pained me intensely, and made a discovery so remarkable that it engaged my attention even in the surroundings amid which I found myself.

I was lying on a divan; and about each of my ankles was fastened a single loop of dull, gray-yellow line resembling catgut and no thicker than a violin string. Amazing to relate—there were apparently *no knots!*

One of these loops was drawn so tightly as to be painful, and a single strand, some twelve inches long, connected the left ankle with the right. I struggled to my feet—and was surprised, since I knew I had been drugged, to find that my muscular reactions were perfectly normal.

Evidently my common sense was subnormal (or I am slow to profit by experience); for, resting one foot firmly upon the floor, I kicked forward with the other, fully anticipating that this fragile link would snap.

The result must have been comic; but I had no audience. I kicked myself backward with astonishing velocity, falling amongst the cushions of the divan, from which I had not moved away!

Fortunately, the tendon escaped serious injury; but this first experiment was also the last. I had tardily recognized my bonds to be of that mysterious substance which had figured in our Ispahân adventure. I should not have been more helpless, save that I could shuffle about the room, if iron fetters had confined me.

I lay where I had fallen, gazing about. And I knew, as I had known in the very moment of opening my heavy-lidded eyes, that this was an amazing room in which I found myself.

IT WAS a long, low saloon, obviously that of an old Egyptian house, as the woodwork, a large *mûshrabiyêh* window and the tiling upon part of the wall clearly indicated. There were a few good rugs upon the floor, and light was furnished by several lamps, shaded incongruously in unmistakable Chinese fashion, which swung from the wooden ceiling.

The furniture was scanty, some of it Arab in character but some of it of Chinese lacquer. Right and left of the recessed window (which, wrongly as after events showed, I assumed to overlook a street adjoining that alleyway behind the mosque) were deep bookcases laden with volumes. These, to judge from their unfamiliar bindings, must have been exceedingly rare works.

There were a number of glass cases in the room, containing most singular objects. In one was what looked like a living human head, that of a woman. But, as I focussed my horrified gaze upon it, I saw that it was an unusually perfect mummy head. In another, which was obviously heated, I saw growing foliage and, watching it more closely, realized that a number of small, vividly green snakes moved among the leaves. A human skeleton, perfect, I thought, even to the small bones, stood in a rack in a gap between the bookcases. The window recess was glazed to form a sort of small conservatory, and through the glass, dimly, I could see that bloated, flesh-colored orchids were growing.

I stood up again, testing my injured ankle. It pained intensely but the tendon had survived the jerk. I began to shuffle forward in the direction of a large, plain wooden table, resembling a monkish refectory table, before which was set one of those polished, inlaid chairs which are produced in the bazaars of Damascus.

There were some of those strange-looking volumes upon this table, as well as a number of scientific instruments, test tubes and chemical paraphernalia. As I stood up, I saw that the table was covered with a sheet of glass.

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In an instant I found myself pinioned. . . . "This document is precious," he explained. "Can you read from where you stand?"

Changing my position, other glass cases came into view; they contained rows of chemical bottles and apparatus. The place was more than half a laboratory. And I noticed, looking behind me, that there was a working-bench in one corner fitted with electrical devices, although of a character quite unfamiliar.

The truth came subconsciously ahead of its positive confirmation. There were three doors to the saloon, perfectly plain, white teak doors. And in the very moment that I recognized a peculiar fact—viz., that they possessed neither bolts, handles nor keyholes—one of these doors opened and slid noiselessly to the left.

I found myself alone with Dr. Fu Manchu.

HE WORE a green robe upon which was embroidered a white peacock, and on the dome of his wonderful skull a little cap was perched—a black cap surmounted by a coral ball. The door slid silently to behind him, and he stood watching me.

Once and once only, hitherto, had I seen the Mandarin Fu Manchu. He had impressed me then as one of the most gigantic forces ever embodied in a human form; but amazingly—and amazingly horrible—he seemed now, as he stood looking at me, to have shaken off part of the burden of years under which he had stooped on that unforgettable night in London.

He carried no stick; his long, bony hands were folded upon his breast. He was drawn up to his full, gaunt height, which I judged to be over six feet. His eyes, which were green as the eyes of a leopard, fixed me with a glance so piercing that it extended my powers to the full to sustain it.

There are few really first-class brains in the world today, but no man with any experience of humanity, looking into those long, brilliant eyes, could have doubted that he stood in the presence of a supermind.

I cannot better describe my feelings than by saying I felt myself to be absorbed; mentally and spiritually sucked empty by that awful gaze.

Even as this ghastly sensation, which I find myself unable properly to convey in words, overwhelmed me, a queer sort of film obscured the emerald eyes of Dr. Fu Manchu and I experienced immediate relief.

I remembered in that fleeting moment a discussion between Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie touching this phenomenal quality of Fu Manchu's eyes, which the doctor frankly admitted he had never met with before, and for which he could not account.

Walking slowly, but with catlike dignity, Fu Manchu crossed the long table, seating himself in the chair. His slippered feet made no sound. The room was silent as a tomb. The scene had that quality which belongs to dreams. No plan presented itself, and I found myself tongue-tied.

Fu Manchu pressed the button of a shaded lamp upon a silver pedestal and, raising a small, pear-shaped vessel from a rack, examined its contents against the light. It contained some colorless fluid.

HIS hands were singular: long, bony, flexible fingers, in which, caricatured as it were, I saw the unforgettable ivory fingers of Fah Lo Suee.

He replaced the vessel in the rack and turned to a page of one of those large volumes which lay open beside him. Seemingly considering it, he began to speak absent-mindedly.

His voice was as I remembered it, except that I thought it had acquired greater power, guttural but perfectly clear. He gave to every syllable its true value. Indeed, he spoke the purest English of any man I have ever heard.

"Mr. Greville," he said, "I trust that any slight headache which you may have experienced on awakening has now disappeared."

I stood watching him where he sat, but attempted no reply.

"Formerly," he continued, "I employed sometimes a preparation of Indian hemp and at other times various derivatives of opium with greater or less success. An anesthetic prepared from the common puffball for many years engaged my attention also; but I have now improved upon these."

He extended one long, green-draped arm, picking up and dropping with a faint rattling sound a number of brownish objects which looked like dried peas and which lay in a little tray upon the table.

"Seeds of a species of *Mimosa pudica* found in Brazil and in parts of Asia," he continued, never once glancing in my direction. "I should like you to inform our mutual friend, Dr. Petrie, whom I esteem, that Western science is on the wrong track, and that the perfect anesthetic is found in *Mimosa pudica*. You succumbed to it tonight, Mr. Greville, and you have been unconscious for nearly half an hour. But if you were a medical man, you would admit that the effects are negligible. The mental hiatus, also, is bridged immediately. Your first conscious thought was linked with your last. Am I right?"

"You are right," I replied, looking down at my feet and wondering if a sudden spring would enable me to get my hands around that lean throat.

"Your reflexes are normal," the slow, guttural voice continued. "The visceral muscles are unimpaired; there is no cardiac reaction. You are even now contemplating an assault upon me." He turned to another page of the large volume. "But consider the facts, Mr. Greville. You are still young enough to be impetuous: permit me to warn you. That slender thread which confines your ankles, and which I understand Sir Lionel Barton mistook for silkworm gut, is actually prepared from the flocculent secretion of *Theridion*—a well-known but interesting spider. . . .

"You seem to be surprised. The secret of that preparation would make the fortune of any man of commerce into whose hands it might fall. I may add that it will *not* fall into the hands of any man of commerce. But I am wasting time."

He stood up.

"I HAVE studied you closely, Mr. Greville, in an endeavor to discern those qualities which have attracted my daughter."

I started violently and clenched my fists.

"I find them to be typically British," the calm voice continued, "and rather passive than active. You will never be a Nayland Smith, and you lack that odd detachment which might have made our mutual friend, Dr. Petrie, the most prominent physician of the Western world had he not preferred domesticity with an ex-servant of mine."

Inch by inch I was edging nearer to him as he spoke.

"You cannot have failed to note an improvement in my physical condition since last we met, Mr. Greville. This is due to the success of an inquiry which has engaged me for no less a period than twenty-five years."

He moved slowly in the direction of the *mûshrabiyêh* window and, frustrated, I pulled up.

"These orchids," he continued, extending one bony hand to the glass case which occupied the recess, "I discovered nearly thirty years ago in certain forests of Burma. They occur at extremely rare intervals—traditionally only once in a century but actually with rather greater frequency. From these orchids I have at last obtained, after twenty-five years of study, an essential oil which completes a particular formula . . ." he suddenly turned and faced me; "the formula *elixir vitæ* for which the old philosophers sought in vain."

Transfixed by the glare of those green eyes, I seemed to become rigid: their power was awful. I judged Fu Manchu to be little short of seventy, but as he stood before me now I appreciated, in the light of his explanation, more vividly than I had understood at the moment of his entrance, how strangely he had cheated time.

(Continued on page 38)

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Queen of the Green

Give this big girl a little hand! Winning a national golf title at twenty was no accident for Helen Hicks, although some curious components—a boxing glove, a needlework exhibit, a non-existent dentist and a yen for basketball and tennis—all contributed indirectly to her golf bag of tricks

By Helen Hicks as told to John B. Kennedy

Rotofotos, Inc.

Rotofotos, Inc.

Miss Helen Hicks demonstrating, above, the form and power which made her a champion

IT WAS the seventeenth hole at the beautiful Hamilton Country Club and Glenna Collett and I were tied. Glenna had given me a neat lesson in competitive golf over the outward nine holes, for I was three down. By luck and grim determination I managed to take these three back. So we came to the seventeenth neck and neck.

The hole was four hundred yards plus—nearer five hundred. Glenna smashed out a long drive. So did I. For her second shot Glenna hooked slightly into a trap at the side of the green. Examining my lie, I saw it was a bad one—downhill and about two hundred and thirty yards from the pin.

Here was a gamble. My chance to win the hole was to get on that green in two while Glenna had to take a third shot from the trap. The only way to reach the green was with a heavy wood and the lie was downhill. Frankly, I didn't think I could make it. I took the brassie out of my bag, said a silent "Here goes something," and hit that ball with every ounce I had. It went straight and true to the pin. I took a birdie three, won the hole, the match and the championship.

This sounds like bragging, and I'm afraid other items in this piece may have the same sound; but if I'm able to illustrate my simple theme, that in competitive sport women have to develop the same steely temperament that marks the men who win, please pardon the intrusion of my own personality.

Being born and bred in a family of athletes makes it as normal for a girl to get into games as it would be for a child in a family of burglars to get into trouble. I have two older brothers and an older sister who were good at all sorts of things—basketball, baseball, tennis and golf. My father was especially keen on golf. Now and again, when he made it financially worth while, I'd caddie for him.

The first time I had a golf club in my hand was when Dad jokingly stopped during a friendly game and said: "Hit one, Helen!" I don't even remember which club he gave me. I took it, swung it, and the ball went scorching down the fairway. Dad and the others in his foursome stared.

"Hit another ball," said one of the men.

There was another swing and that ball was on its way. I can only call both of these shots accidents, for I knew nothing about stance or swing; nor even the primary rule of keeping your eye on the ball.

Tennis Comes First

Everybody seemed surprised at the distance the ball had traveled. Father bought me a set of clubs; and I remember pouting an entire day because he said they were extra-heavy clubs for a kid. I've always been an extra-heavy girl, for height and years; but I never relished having it pointed out to me by anything but a mirror and scales—until I took those extra-heavy clubs out on the course and learned what they meant in terms of distance.

Yet golf wasn't my first favorite in sports. I don't believe it is even now; for there's nothing sweeter in my young athletic life than to win a really exciting game of tennis.

Golf came later than tennis, and much later than basketball, with me. I have a brother, Chubby, who likes to box. He also likes to tease. When I was eleven he was sparring in a gymnasium when I came in to give him a message from Mother.

Several other boys were there, and Chubby was showing off a little. When I gave him the message to come home, he rushed me to a corner of the gym and tied a boxing glove on my hand—the right. He should have picked the left. He began flecking my face with his glove. That wasn't brotherly. It occurred to me that with a glove on my hand I couldn't hurt him much, so I let go. Brother Chubby went down. The moral effect of that punch gave me prestige in our home. When the subject came up of the baby daughter going into athletics, I observed less mockery around the dinner table than heretofore.

The boys of our neighborhood had heard about the one-to-the-button administered to my brother. That gave me prestige of the sort I didn't like. No girl quite relishes being regarded as a tomboy. So it seemed to a thirteen-year-old girl's mind that quick action should be taken to alter this reputation. Needlework was the answer—and cookery.

I enrolled in a domestic science class at school and learned how to sew and make fudge. At a church fair, needleworkers and fudge-makers gave their productions for sweet charity's sake. Mine were among those present; but there were some better. When I went to look over the exhibits, I saw my name-card attached to a dish of fudge far better than I had ever hoped to make, and to a piece of needlework—an embroidered doily—good enough to be the work of a professional.

Tomboy Basketball

For a while there was a quiet wrestling with the soul. I let the cards remain there, and I was awarded first prize in each class. These prizes I later transferred to those who had really won them, but the mere announcement of my name as a winner stopped the tomboy talk.

The contradiction to all this was that they enrolled me in our school basketball team, and once in a game I always forgot myself. Basketball never has received full attention as a game of hazards. Those who haven't seen it or played it vigorously imagine it to be a sort of effeminate croquet.

We Long Island schoolgirls played basketball with determination. I've seen grown-up games, professional and semi-pro games. Those boys only bounced harder than we did because they were bigger.

Golf appeared of secondary importance to me—a dignified, leisurely pastime for adults uninclined to brisk movement or to contact sports. True, many of my younger friends played golf, like Jack Mackie, Jr., son of the golf pro, who later became my principal tutor at the game. But the school tradition captivated me, and I went in for basketball as the other girls did, with enthusiasm.

Those youngsters in the Long Island school were grand little sportswomen. In the first inter-class game I played, a red-headed girl named Katherine, who could charge with all the force of a Rockne tackle, charged too hard in the wrong place, hitting a gym post and dislocating her shoulder. She couldn't continue, and we were penalized, as we had no substitutes handy. The other side instantly went into a huddle and came out with the offer to play with one girl short on each side.

I was fifteen then, and quite sure that the world was full of a number of things, including thousands of girls who were good sports in the best sense of that term. Their interest was intense in the game they played, their rivalry was keen. But I don't remember a single case of willful cheating in any game I played with them.

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Illustrated by Courtney Allen

"Pull! Pull!" shouted the second mate. "She's going down! Get away from her!"

The Tug Master

A fine story of men in peril on the sea

By S. B. H. Hurst

DO YOU think I want to buy your old tug?" inquired Captain Prideau.

He was leaning negligently upon the starboard rail of his barque, the Kenyon, bargaining with the master of the tug Wrestler concerning the price he should pay that gentleman for towing him into the port of Hull. The crew of the Kenyon listened appreciatively. This business of bargaining with a tug master was the invariable spice at the end of a voyage.

"And there's a million other tugs running around the North Sea," added the Kenyon's captain.

The tug master removed a short, black, clay pipe from between his teeth, and spat.

"What do ye think of the weather?" he asked politely.

"Oh, I'll get a bit of a breeze before long—then I won't need your tug," replied Prideau.

The tug master grinned broadly.

"Yes!" he said. "You'll have wind enough! And dead in your teeth, too!"

Captain Prideau turned away from the rail. He shouted to the mate: "Mister, get her shortened down to the upper topsails and foresail. Nice breeze of wind coming!"

The crew began to shout on the gear —"singing out." The Wrestler edged nearer.

"I'll take five pounds off my price," shouted the tug master.

Captain Prideau gave an excellent imitation of a man surprised.

"Oh, are you there yet?" he asked.

The tug master grew redder of face than usual, which was very red. "I'm doing it for your owner's sake, and your crew's sake," he shouted. "There's bad weather coming, and ye know it!"

"I own this ship," amended Captain Prideau cheerfully.

"Well insured, eh?" insinuated the tug master.

PRIDEAU did not become angry. He did not carry a penny of insurance on the Kenyon. He again ignored the presence of the Wrestler. This was a game he enjoyed—as did the master of the tug. Both knew that in the end Prideau would hire the tug. He would have to if he wished to get into Hull—unless another sea-going tug happened along, which was unlikely, since Prideau's "millions" was a fearful exaggeration —for the weather was threatening and the wind was going to blow a gale, dead ahead.

"Your family will collect and raise a monument to you," added the tug master.

"I'll pay you what I said in the first place. Take it or go to—anywhere you like!" shouted Prideau. "But I'll use my own hawser!"

The tug master spat reflectively—or rather, he made it appear that way. He had not expected to gain any concession from the captain of the Kenyon, and Prideau's offer to use his own hawser was quite a concession. He knew Prideau well, and his talk about "owners" had been a part of it all. He knew also, as did most seafaring men, that the captain of the Kenyon "carried his own insurance."

The tug master looked swiftly towards the west. No time to lose! He was in for a dirty piece of towing—with that muck making up for a gale! Of course Prideau knew that—hence the sudden concession of the hawser. Hull was about due west of them. The tug master spat again.

"I'm a 'umane man," he shouted. "Don't like to think of yer being driven ashore somewheres around Sweden. Watch out for my line. I'll take your hawser at your price!"

This was a bargain which no amount of bad weather, no number of days of delay could change. The Wrestler might get the Kenyon into Hull in twelve hours or twenty-four. Again, it might take her a week, or even longer—but the price held. And the tug master could collect only when he got the Kenyon into Hull.

"Drop everything," shouted Prideau to his mate. "Get hold of the tug's line and bend our hawser onto it!"

The sailors jumped to obey. They took the tug's line and bent to it the Kenyon's best hawser. And soon the tug had that length of hawser stretched. The barque took off all sail. Under bare poles the Wrestler started to tow her towards the port of Hull.

But the wind presaged by the muck in the western sky, began to come down upon tug and tow with an argument, and the sea rose gleefully to do its bit—to do a great deal. The Wrestler began to labor like something in pain, making gallant effort; and the Kenyon began to dance drunkenly at the other end of the hawser.

In two hours the tug was just holding her own, with the Kenyon threatening to pull the bitts out of her, or snap the hawser—not making a mile an hour in the desired direction. In this strait, the short day dissolved into dusk, and the dusk into dark, while the wind increased and a sleet that stung faces like flying glass blotted out sight of things.

The tug could not see the Kenyon, and the Kenyon could not see the tug.

How long could this continue? How long could the tug hold on to the Kenyon? These and a host of other questions harried Captain Prideau. If the Kenyon parted from the tug, if the hawser snapped or the tug cast it off to save herself, it would be necessary to set the lower topsails quickly — and what a job that would be! Towing head to wind as she was, no sail could be set while the tug held her. The old man gripped the rail. And he prayed, somewhat like Wellington at Waterloo, for the Wrestler not to fail him, and for day.

"I NEVER let go yet," the tug master was growling. "Hawsers have snapped, but I never let go of me own free will! But this is hell! That ship astern! If we part from him, and him under bare poles . . ."

He whistled down the tube to the engineer.

"How are your socks?" he asked.

"Still on me feet," replied the engineer.

The tug master stamped viciously. Then he growled down the tube, "That's where you have the best of it! My feet is so cold that I don't know where me socks is!"

A cross sea took the tug, tossed her, pitched her, jerked her fore and aft and set her down meanly.

"Who'd sell a farm and go to sea?" muttered the tug master. The tug surged heavily. Her stern lifted. She shook herself and dashed madly into the seas ahead.

"Good God!" the tug master almost screamed. "The hawser's parted!"

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He tore at the lanyard of the whistle. Opened wide, the whistle shouted down the wind that the Wrestler would stand by—trying to shout encouragement to the dangerously beset Kenyon astern.

The Kenyon, under bare poles, without steerageway, lay in the trough of the sea, at the mercy of that sea, with a broken hawser dragging her sagging bow.

But Captain Prideau was a seaman, with fifty years' experience behind him. He had kept all hands standing by. And *now all hands sprang to his orders*—worked with the mates to save the barque and their lives.

"Hard down the helm! Weather cloth in the mizzen rigging!" These were his first shouted words.

"HANDS aloft to loose the main lower topsail!" This came ere the first order lost its sound. "Goose-wing it!" he added. "Quicker and easier that way," he was thinking. "Less chance of it blowing away, too!"

Repeating elementary facts, as a man will in time of stress! To get the Kenyon out of the trough, to bring her head to sea—this was the imperative effort.

"Cut that hawser away, carpenter!"

"Chips is already at it, sir," yelled the mate. A green sea knocked him down and washed him into the lee scuppers as he spoke. He came up, full of water and swearing vividly.

"Hurry with that weather cloth, mister!" he shouted to the second mate.

The second mate, with three strong men helping him, was hurrying. That weather cloth would help like a sail. It was a stout tarpaulin, and was carried, rolled up, to the weather mizzen rigging. There the stops were cut and the weight of the wind unrolled it with a fury, holding it, pressing it against the rigging, pressing the ship's stern to leeward, helping her head to sea.

MEANWHILE the hands had loosed the lee side of the main lower topsail, leaving the weather side furled, and passed a stout lashing around the bunt—goose-winging. As they cast off the gaskets they kept the gear tight, lest the canvas flog to pieces. Then, on deck, other sailors labored at the chain sheets, which were finger-breaking masses of ice. . . . But they got that goose-winged topsail set, finishing as terrible a job as sailors could achieve.

The Kenyon came out of the trough heavily, as if under an anesthetic. She began to head the sea, but her bottom was foul, after a long voyage, with weed and huge barnacles. She could hardly lie better than eight points off the wind. They could still hear the whistle of the Wrestler—at increasing intervals. But it was growing faint.

The tug had lost them. And the snow came, and the sound of the tug entirely faded, and the Kenyon lay there hove to, smothered in sea—her head about south, making not a mile an hour ahead but several knots an hour of drift to leeward.

"Grog ho!"

The steward's yell was most welcome in that dreary outlook of death and danger—with only God knowing what else might befall. Sailors, their hands cut and bleeding, wet through, icy cold, swallowed the good rum and thanked the Deity and Captain Prideau for it.

The night passed slowly. Captain Prideau stood under the weather cloth. The wind and waves raged upon the half-smothered Kenyon. The wan light of winter day showed her alone on a desolate sea—a gray sea breaking tumultuous, streaked with white, and with the snow hissing as it fell.

As regards his position, Prideau knew that he was somewhere in the North Sea, but where he did not know.

AND where was the Wrestler? Prideau wiped the snow from his beard. How the old tug master would be cussing! His professional pride would be outraged—he had lost his tow. Of course he would argue that the hawser was rotten, but that was poor salve.

"Fine old chap, though," Prideau told his mate. "He's out there, Lord knows how many miles away, hunting for us. Like hunting for a needle in a haystack. Keep that fog horn going, mister."

They kept it going, and the lead as well. About three in the afternoon the snow stopped. The wind eased a trifle. The visibility increased to three or four miles.

"Sail ho!" suddenly shouted the man on the lookout.

"Where away?" from the mate.

"Dead ahead, sir! It's a steamer," came the lookout's reply.

"Maybe the old Wrestler," muttered the mate.

When the snow stopped, Captain Prideau had gone below to snatch a few winks of sleep. Now he heard the hailing and came on deck again. "I was waiting, sir, for her to come within signal-distance before calling you," said the mate.

"That's all right, mister," replied the old man. "She's coming pretty fast, though. I hope she can give us some idea of our position. That's not the Wrestler. It's a big ship. . . . Coming very fast. . . . Get two men aft here quickly, and have the flags ready."

He put his glass to his eye, resting the telescope against the forward mizzen shroud.

Suddenly he turned to the mate.

"It's a man-of-war, mister," he said. "But some of those Navy men ain't such bad navigators—she ought to be able to give us the latitude and longitude!"

BOTH grinned at the innuendo regarding Navy navigation—an old joke among British merchant sailors.

"Run the flags up," went on the captain. "All ready, are they? All right."

The flags were run up to the spanker gaff. Flags of the Commercial Code, asking the man-of-war in flag language for the position. The man-of-war boiled through the seas. She was a big ship for those days. She had masts, and yards on her foremast! A steamer with sails in reserve, due to the inability of the admirals to believe that such contraptions as engines would not fail in emergencies.

"Ah," said Prideau, "it's the Rodney—flagship of the Channel Fleet. A fine new ship—I heard about her."

She came along, proudly thrusting a lane through the angry North Sea, as if proclaiming, "I'm Navy, you can't stop me—even if . . . Bother the merchant marine!"

The Kenyon's crew did not in the least realize what a splendid, gaunt, yet gallant picture the barque made. They saw that the sailors on the Rodney, even the captain and his officers, seemed interested, and the worn able seamen of the laboring sailing ship interpreted this interest after the manner of their kind.

"Lookin' down on us like they was from the moon!" said one.

"Bloody stuck-up blighters!" growled another.

"All in nice clean huniforms, too, ain't they! 'Ow mucky sweet!"

Two yeomen of signals, with a lieutenant, were on the Rodney's bridge responding to the question asked by Captain Prideau's flags: "What is my position?"

The Rodney ran up two strings of flags. "Position: Lat. 54-40 N. Long. 6 E."

And the man-of-war surged past, with a courteous answer to the dipping of the Kenyon's ensign.

"Well, let's hope he's right," said Prideau.

"We're safe enough on this tack if he is, sir," said the mate.

"Yes," agreed Prideau. "The land's a long way off—if that position he gave me is correct—plenty of sea room."

The short day became night again, and although the wind continued a gale, and the sea remained terrific, no more snow fell.

The night was another night.

AT EIGHT next morning, as the men were getting their steaming pans of hash from the galley, kidding the cook about a bandage on his head—caused by his diving into pots and so forth, including the stove, when the Kenyon had taken an extra heavy lurch—the lookout reported another steamer ahead.

This was no man-of-war, but a much smaller boat which wallowed. Prideau, squinting through the telescope, laughed.

"It's the old Wrestler," he said. "He's found us again. Good work!"

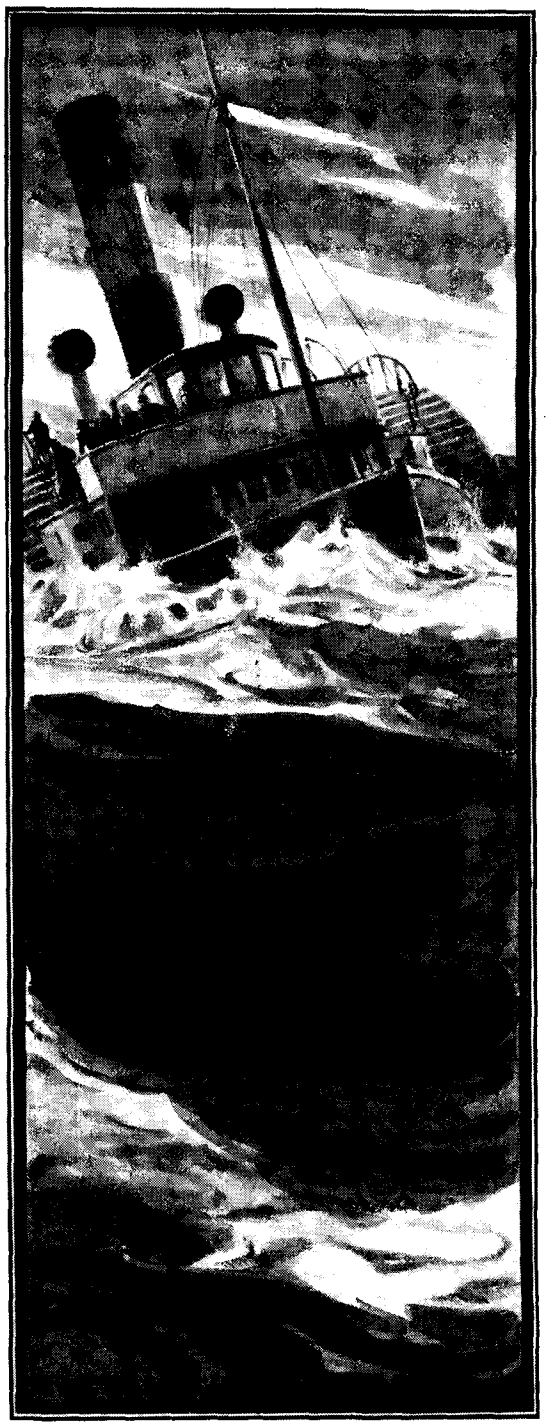
The old tug came abeam to windward. The worn tug master, who had hardly slept since first taking the Kenyon's hawser, waved a weary hand. This time he would have to use his own hawser, and to get hold of the barque would be ticklish seamanship.

"Get the blackboard," Prideau told the second mate. "The old boy's going to talk—I'll get in the first words!"

He referred to the habit of most tug masters of the period, who disliked

(Continued on page 42)

"Ah!" said the mate suddenly.



"See, sir! N. C. at his gaff!"

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Infection makes fat glands overactive

Dandruff is caused by overactivity of the fat glands of the scalp—which expel a greasy, whitish substance known as sebum. This overactivity is the result of infection, many dermatologists claim. They advise immediate treatment. Whatever the cause, this activity should be checked lest the condition continue and cause eczema, falling hair, and baldness.

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Since it is a safe though powerful germicide, Listerine combats any irritation that may be present on the scalp.

It dissolves and removes incrustations of sebum from the hair and scalp, assuring antiseptic cleanliness. It produces on the scalp an astringent effect, exhilarates and invigorates the tissue around the hair roots.

It allays itching, and soothes inflammation and eruption frequently associated with dandruff.

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

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Franklin Roosevelt, outstanding candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, and his rivals, Ritchie, Smith, Young, Baker and Garner

The Roosevelt Convention

And senatorial waters disturbed by "Kingfish" Long

By Clinton W. Gilbert

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT on the face of it has won the Democratic nomination. His opponents on the first ballot will have only a little more than one third of the convention. And the candidate who has almost enough votes in a convention to be nominated has been shown over and over again to be irresistible. Despite Garner's decisive victory over both Smith and Roosevelt in the contest for California's delegates, the arithmetic of the situation has not been greatly changed. Even without California Roosevelt will apparently enter the convention with more votes than any candidate who has ever failed to reach the necessary two-thirds majority. None of his most-talked-of rivals has a chance to win: Smith or Garner or Baker or Ritchie. Yet there is some weakness in the foundations of this edifice of delegates that he has erected; otherwise his defeat by Smith in the Massachusetts primary would not have shaken the structure as it has. An unprecedented thing is happening to the Roosevelt candidacy, a widespread questioning of his availability. It started with his "forgotten man" speech. Ex-Governor Smith stimulated it with his snort of disgust at that speech. And the Massachusetts defeat came just in time to turn questioning into serious doubt.

Ex-Governor Smith entered the contest too late and in too equivocal a fashion to win. Besides, the Democratic party is determined to avoid the difficulties that another Smith candidacy would present. Governor Ritchie will probably be nothing more in the convention than Maryland's favorite son. Newton Baker never could make up his mind that he wanted to be a candidate. And, anyway, he has alienated the Wilson pro-League element in the Democratic party without succeeding in pleasing the anti-League Democrats.

Garner's candidacy probably went to pieces on the sales tax. And who else is there? It is a one-man race. And yet, where are the shouts of triumph in the Democratic party? Where is the acclaim for the conquering hero? As a whole the party is cold and indifferent. It feels sure that Mr. Roosevelt, if nominated, will win. It is confident that, of the candidates that have been presented to it, he is the most available; that he is probably the best vote-getter of the lot, that he hasn't the impediments of Smith or those of Baker, that he has geographical advantages over Ritchie, that he has a very nice political name. Yet one does not have to circulate much among Democratic leaders, even leaders committed to Governor Roosevelt, to hear the hope breathed that the party will find some other candidate.

New York itself, Roosevelt's own state, is cold to him. "Something is going to happen," seems to be the prevailing idea among the Democratic politicians.

I don't see how anything can happen. It would be unprecedented for a virtually unopposed candidate to have a majority of the delegates and still fail of nomination. But conditions are unprecedented. The depression itself is unprecedented. And the depression is a more powerful factor politically than party bosses or party instructions. The depression is going to elect the President in November. Nothing else is going to have any bearing on who shall be the next President but the depression. And the depression may decide who is going to be nominated for President in June.

We are entering at this writing upon what looks like a new and more serious phase of the depression, very likely the one just before the upturn takes place. Very likely the national conventions will be held when the sense of the gravity of the national crisis will be greater than it has yet been. The gravity of this crisis has hardly been realized by the politicians at the moment when I am writing.

Congress talks cheerfully of voting two and a quarter billions to the veterans. Congress can hardly bring itself to face the necessity of cutting down the budget. The Democratic party has not stopped yet to ask itself who is the best man it has to lead the country out of its present distress. It hasn't done any more than ask itself the old stereotyped Democratic question: Who is it that has last proved his ability to carry New York?

In a government more flexible than ours we might be expecting at this time the proposal of a waiving of partisanship and the formulation of a government of the best men of both parties, like the present English government. No such thing is possible in this country. But either party may do the unexpected thing in June.

The country never needed the services of the best President to be found as it does this year. The talk of Owen D. Young for President revives. He could win as the candidate of either party. And I can't think of anyone else who could win as the candidate of the Republican party.

The Irrepressible Mr. Long

Anyone who has the harmless idiosyncrasy of calling himself the "Kingfish" after a character in Amos and Andy, as does the senator from Louisiana, Huey Long, must have the heel of Achilles about him somewhere. If it weren't for this comic vanity of his, after his maiden speech in the Senate, he might be thought of as the leader of the revolution if and when.

That speech had an odd effect on the Senate. There has been a kind of tacit agreement in the Senate to lay off inflammatory utterances. The Kingfish did not have anything new to say. And the Kingfish is not an original demagogue. But in his case it isn't so much what he says, "it's the narsty way he says it."

Most of our senatorial demagogues have been whiners. But there is a suggestion of physical force about the Kingfish. He is young, still in his thirties. His body is powerful. He walks into the Senate as I imagine he has been accustomed to walk into a meeting of his political heelers down in Louisiana.

His face is not exactly ingratiating. There is an air of ruthlessness about him. There is something a little brutal about his aspect. From this his comic insistence on the name Kingfish derogates. His egotism demands a degree of elbow room that the Senate does not readily concede to an individual member. He flails his arms about his head violently as he speaks. He promises to disturb the pleasant club-like atmosphere of the Senate as no one else has in a long time.

And I think as he flung his arms out at the Democratic leaders of the Senate and thrust an angry face at them, sneering at their "coalition" with the Republicans, that those leaders looked forward with some foreboding to the time when their party may be in a majority and they will have to take over his management.

I doubt whether he personally will ever have a following in the Senate. He is the kind of man whose followers must be servile. And the Senate never has been so.

But he can make a good deal of trouble for the Democratic leaders. And they will have plenty of it when they are in a majority. There is already a left wing of Progressive Democrats in the Senate. And some of the senators that the Democrats are likely to gain this year are apt to be more akin to Thomas of Oklahoma, Wheeler of Montana and Dill of Washington than to the regulars of the South.

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"It's the unexpected that happens"

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

There by the window, in Lucy Ann's chair, sat a thin, grayish-haired woman

Lucy Ann's Chair

Was Fred Griswold's problem solved wisely or not? Think it over carefully

By Dana Burnet

NO ONE had sat in the shabby rocker by the kitchen window since the day Lucy Ann Griswold ran away with the refrigerator salesman from Portland.

That was twelve years ago.

In that time Fred Griswold had divorced Lucy Ann and had married again, successfully. His second wife was Jennie Wilson. He had brought her to live in the old Griswold house on the outskirts of Manasquot, Maine; and there Jennie, being a capable housewife, had made him a real home. The stamp of her firm, forthright character, her simple taste and good judgment, was manifest throughout the house, from attic to cellar. But except to dust it, Jennie never had touched Lucy Ann's chair.

Why she hadn't thrown it out in the beginning, Fred Griswold didn't know. He wished she had. He wished, as he sat eating his breakfast in the kitchen one spring morning, that he didn't have to look at Lucy Ann's chair. Its familiar emptiness added to the worry on his mind; a worry produced by the letter in his pocket. He was greatly tempted to tell Jennie about that letter; he wanted to tell her, but it didn't seem right, somehow. The letter was his concern, not hers.

Jennie came from the stove and poured him a second cup of coffee.

"Cal'late I'll start my spring housecleanin' today," she said.

Fred looked up at her and grinned faintly.

"Gorry!" he said. "I'm glad I got work that takes me out o' the house, if you're goin' to start cleanin'."

"You ain't no gladder'n I be," replied Jennie, giving him a fond tap on the cheek. "How much more work you got up to Miz Trubee's, Fred?"

"Cal'late we'll finish up today. But there's enough buildin' goin' on in Manasquot to keep me busy most the summer. A lucky thing," he said, "in these hard times." He paused, and added soberly: "I'm a lucky feller, Jennie."

"'Tain't luck," said Jennie. "Good carpenters are scarce nowadays. You won't never want for work."

THAT was not, thought Fred, exactly what he meant. He meant that he was lucky to have found her, to have had her for his wife after that first unfortunate experience with Lucy Ann. He got up and took his lunch box from the shelf over the stove. It was filled, he knew, with the good things that Jennie had cooked for him.

"Why don't ye," he asked abruptly, "git rid o' that old chair this spring, Jennie?"

"You mean the rocker?"

"Ey-ah," said Fred.

Jennie looked at him. Her brown eyes shone with an honest clarity, as always. "That's Lucy Ann's chair, Fred," she answered simply. "If it's ever goin' to be put out o' the house, you'll have to do it."

He nodded and turned away, looking for his hat. So that was it. It was on the tip of his tongue to say that he'd do it now. He'd lug that chair out to the woodshed and chop it up for stove wood. Then he remembered the letter in his pocket, and said no more. Time enough to destroy the chair after he'd answered that letter. He kissed Jennie and left the house.

Driving to work along the Shore Road in his ramshackle truck, Fred thought suddenly of consulting Mrs. Trubee about the problem that was troubling him. Mrs. Trubee was one of the leaders of the summer colony in Manasquot. She was a lady of importance, wealthy, cultured and of militant moral character. Moreover, she liked to share her gifts (of the spirit) with others less fortunate than herself. She loved the natives and wanted to help them. She frequently had said so.

Just now, Mrs. Trubee was engaged in her annual spring alterations. (She practically rebuilt her seashore cottage every year.)

FRED GRISWOLD, as foreman-carpenter, had charge of these operations. He knew Mrs. Trubee well. During the noon hour he asked if he might speak to her.

Mrs. Trubee was delighted to offer her advice. She took Fred into her modernistic living-room, sat him down on a red wicker couch and generously urged him to tell her everything.

There wasn't, he remarked uncomfortably, such a great lot to tell. "I got a letter day 'fore yistiddy," he said. "It's from my fust wife, Lucy Ann. Mebbe ye know she left me twelve year ago. Run off with a feller from Portland."

"Yes," said Mrs. Trubee, "I've heard of that."

"Well," said Fred, "I divorced her, but it seems that feller never married her at all. She's ailin'. She wants to come home to rest and git her health back. I dunno what to do 'bout it."

"Let me see the letter," suggested Mrs. Trubee.

Fred put his hand into his pocket. Puzzled, he searched through all his pockets. But he couldn't find the letter. "Why, ma'am," he said, "I must 've put on the wrong pair o' overhauls this mornin'. Ey-ah!" he added, looking down at his faded work clothes. "That's what I done. The letter's in my other pants."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Trubee. "You say this woman—your divorced wife—actually wants to come back into your home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You are happily married now, are you not? I mean you love your second wife?"

"Yes, ma'am. I and Jennie git along fine. I'm mighty fond o' Jennie," said Fred, gently rubbing his knees with his gnarled hands.

"Then there's only one thing to do," announced Mrs. Trubee, decisively. She lifted her bosom an inch higher and gazed across it at Fred. "You must write to Lucy Ann and tell her that you can't consider taking her in. It wouldn't

(Continued on page 51)

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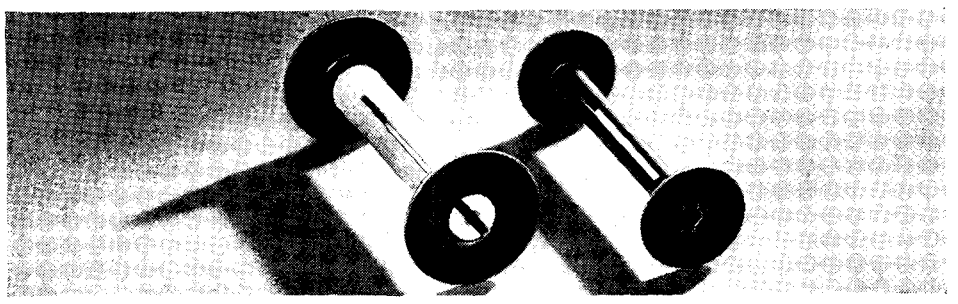
NEW SMALLER FILM SPOOL . . .



GIVES YOU A SMALLER KODAK . .

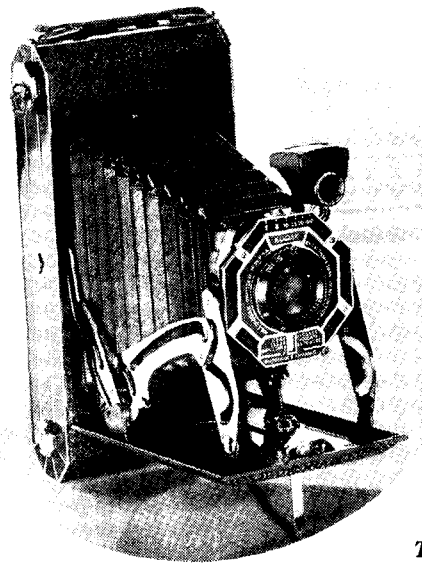
yet holds 2 EXTRA exposures

Everybody wants his snapshots big. Everybody wants his camera small. The problem was to produce a smaller camera . . . but leave the picture big as before.

The answer could come only from the organization that makes both camera and film. Meaning Eastman. So Eastman designers devised a new film spool . . . of light, tough metal . . . so much smaller than the ordinary spool that now there's a new, smaller Kodak.

KODAK SIX-16 is the smallest roll film camera for 2½ x 4¼ pictures. Yet the film spool carries 8 full exposures instead of the usual 6. And you get the extra exposures without additional cost.

Your dealer will show you the new Kodak in brown and in black. You'll want one yourself . . . and it's an ideal gift. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



KODAK SIX-16, for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $17 with true Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.6.3 and a shutter that splits seconds to one one-hundredth. At even lower prices with single or doublet lens.

KODAK SIX-20, of the same design but for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $15 with Kodak Anastigmat equipment. With single lens, as low as $10.

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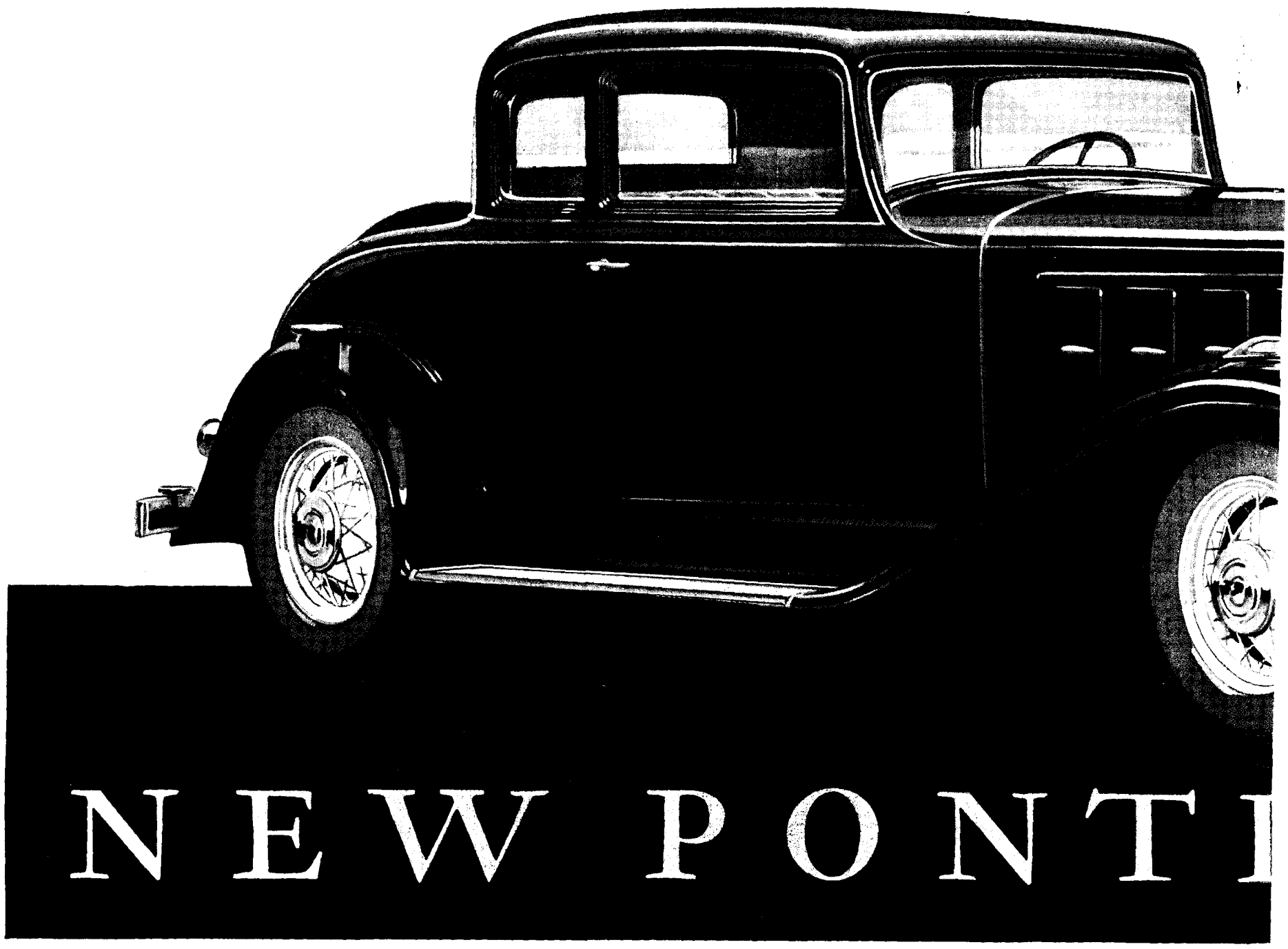
get a "kick" out o



NEW PONTI

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let a Pontiac show you how to *enjoy life*

You can bank on this! Here is *your* kind of car.

Just slide behind the wheel of a Pontiac Six or V-Eight. The very "feel" of the car tells you that here is something different—*finer.* Not just transportation, but a big, comfortable car that will give you real enjoyment.

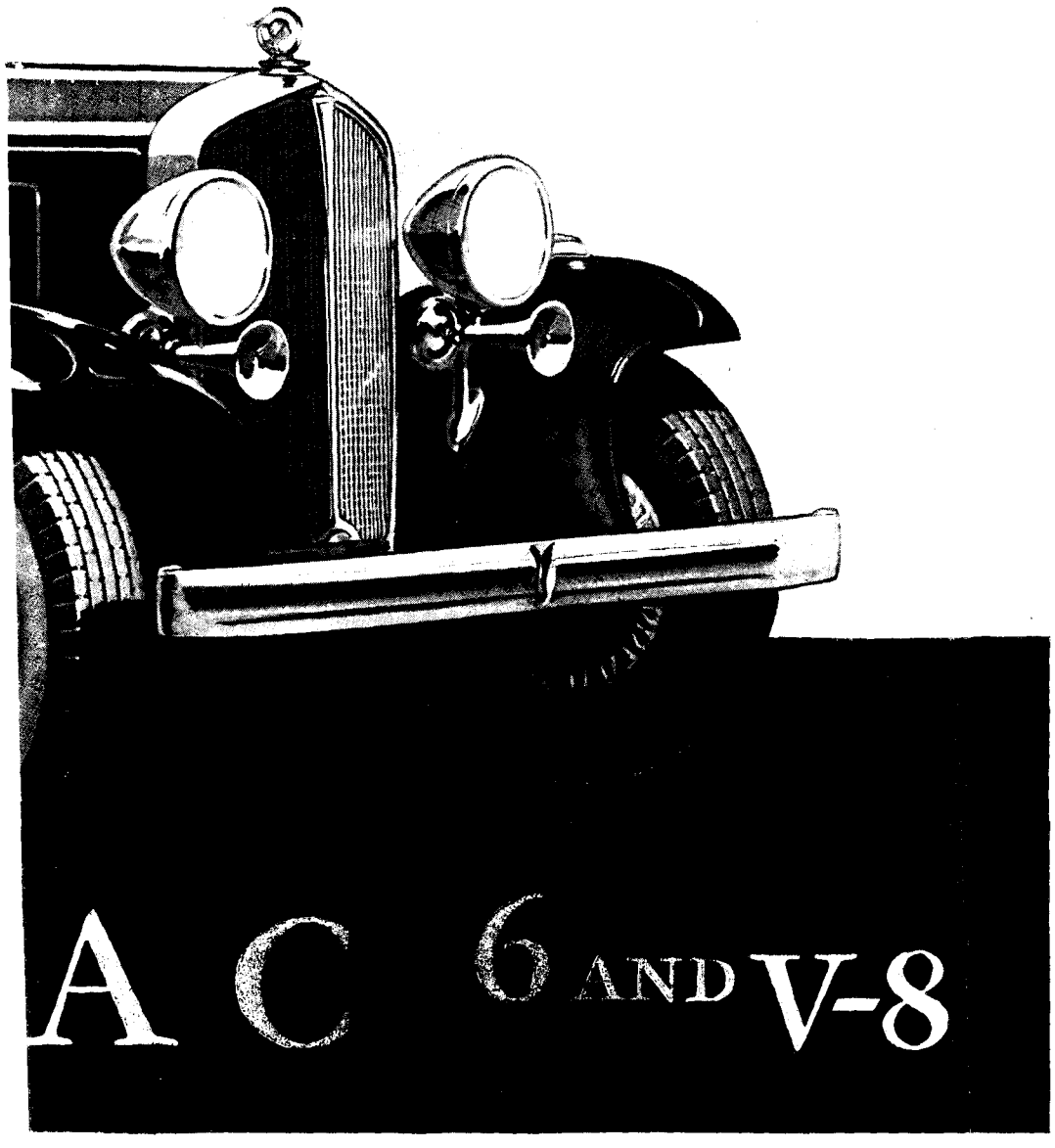
Test Pontiac's pick-up—*and watch the speedometer spin!* With improved Syncro-Mesh, gear-shifting is scarcely more than a gesture. Take the Pontiac out on the highway—*and don't spare it!* You won't know —and the motor won't tell you—when you have reached Pontiac's high top speed. Try Free Wheeling and you'll have another thrill.

Find a hill you never have topped in "high." You can do it in a Pontiac. Then, on some bumpy side-road, try Ride Control—and watch the bumps disappear. And another comfort-giving feature, exclusive to Pontiac among cars of its price, is the 47-point live-rubber insulation which soaks up vibration and cushions road shock. Then—and this is important—the 114-inch standard wheelbase of the Pontiac Six is *the longest in the low-price field.*

Look about the car itself. The body is by Fisher. See how big it is and how roomy. Note the smart V-shaped radiator—slanting windshield—sweeping body lines —the deep, wide seats—rich fabrics and appointments.

And now, the matter of dollars and cents. Does it cost a lot to secure these desirable qualities? It does not! With all of Pontiac's advantages in greater size, comfort and performance, Pontiac's prices and running costs are very low. The Pontiac Six has recently been reduced in price and is now offered at the lowest cost in its history. If you care to buy on G. M. A. C. terms, you'll find the down payment very little more than that of the lowest priced car you can buy. And both the Six and V-Eight are outstanding General Motors values.

When you consider these facts, and when you think of your present car in terms of how much it will cost you to recondition it, probably you will be money ahead by buying a new Pontiac Six or V-Eight. Go get it today—*and get a kick out of driving.*



NEW *REDUCED* PRICES ON THE PONTIAC SIX $635 AND UP—F. O. B. PONTIAC, MICH.

CHIEF OF VALUES

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BE THANKFUL THEY ARE GRADUATING IN A TOUGH YEAR!

A GROUP of men who had finished school in the panic year of 1907 met at a class reunion in the boom year 1929. They were all men whose names make front-page news.

One thought kept recurring in their conversation. They were eternally thankful that they HAD graduated in a year when jobs were few and dollars were tight. They pitied the fellows who had missed the moulding lessons of their early struggles by graduating into a too soft and ready world!

So be not over-distressed. Be rather relieved that the 1932 graduate hits life exactly when he does.

And then give him—or her—this solid bit of encouragement. Give a HAMILTON.

The prices of Hamiltons have been reduced to meet 1932 requirements. It is one bit of honest value in these years when so few things seem to stay put. It will tell him the *exact* time—and nothing but the exact time—whenever he looks at it.

It will give your boy or your girl the rightful pride that comes from owning any masterpiece. And there are cold, hard business men who even claim that the unerring accuracy of a Hamilton will lend something of its regularity to the mind and habits of its wearer!

★ ★ ★

Christopher Morley, the distinguished novelist and essayist, has written a fascinating little story, "When We Speak of a Tenth . . ." This tells, far better than we ever could, just how we try to make every Hamilton perfect. Let us send you this poet's-eye view of Hamilton. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Race Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Watches pictured. From left to right: (Hamilton Watch prices have been reduced to meet 1932 requirements.) OAKMONT. 19 jewels. 14k gold, natural yellow or white, with raised gold figure dial, $85. NEWCOMB. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white with black silk cord, $55. STEVENS. 19 jewels, $62. 21 jewels, $92. 23 jewels, $112. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white. MT. VERNON. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white, $50. RONDEAU. 17 jewels. 14k gold, natural yellow or white, $65. WELLESLEY. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white, $55. Other Hamiltons, for both men and women, from $45 to $500.

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The Husband-Wife Act

By Henry F. Pringle

Vandamm Studio

Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in their latest triumph, Reunion in Vienna

Here is a married couple who broke into the movies. Temperamental? Yes. Happy? Quite—for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have discovered they don't have to be polite to each other

ALFRED LUNT, biting his finger nails, paced up and down in front of a Hollywood projection-room last summer. Lynn Fontanne, who disintegrates toward mental collapse less readily than her husband, was inside watching rushes of their first cinema venture, The Guardsman. Lunt, being certain—as he is certain at least once a week—that his work had been perfectly terrible, waited for the verdict, a soul in torment.

At last Miss Fontanne emerged, her face the inscrutable one of a wife who knows how to torture her husband. "You were splendid," she said in her calm, faintly British voice, "splendid, except for—"

Alfred clutched her sleeve. "Except for what?" he demanded.

"It seemed to me," she answered, "that your make-up was wrong. Your lips were pale. But really, darling, it was nothing. You should have seen me! I was a thousand years old! A hag! My eyes were like craters on the moon!"

Miss Fontanne expanded on the theme of her own deficiencies, but Mr. Lunt was not listening. "My lips were pale," he murmured in a high, nasal tone reserved for moments of great stress.

The incident reveals one or two characteristics fairly attributable to the foremost couple of the English-speaking stage and suggests, also, one which is definitely false. Mr. Lunt's concern over his pallid lips and his bland disregard of Miss Fontanne's own lamentations might lead to the deduction that professional jealousy mars an otherwise perfect marriage. Believe it or not, as Mr. Ripley has been begging for all these years, there is no jealousy whatever. Their personal devotion has long ceased to astonish the world of the theater; it is accepted as a phenomenon of nature, like Fannie Ward. A year or so ago Lunt went out for a walk by himself and stopped in at the apartment of a friend. It was just dinner-time and the friend suggested that they eat together.

"Without Lynn?" asked Lunt, astonished, and reached for his hat.

The contract which binds this lucrative and talented pair to the Theatre Guild provides that they may appear in separate plays in New York but only together on the road. And since it is not always possible to obtain plays with two rôles of equal importance, each has been wholly willing, at home as well as when traveling, to take a subordinate part. In Caprice, for instance, Lunt had comparatively little to do. Nor did Miss Fontanne brood and grow bitter when her husband, in Meteor, had one of those rarely juicy parts which normally plunge competing Thespians into gloom.

A Part of Each Other

The latest Lynn Fontanne-Alfred Lunt triumph, Reunion in Vienna, affords ample outlet for the talents of both. A distinguished critic, after seeing the second act, hurried to Lunt's dressing-room. When he had returned to his seat for the third act he realized that all his praise had been for Miss Fontanne; he had forgotten to say a word about Lunt's own splendid performance.

"Lunt didn't mind a bit," the critic assured skeptical friends. "Those two are extraordinary. You praise one and the other is equally gratified. They are like twins, a part of each other. It was as though I had been praising Lunt's voice, or his foot."

The preoccupation of Alfred Lunt on the Hollywood movie lot did not mean that he was indifferent to Miss Fontanne's troubles. It did mean that he is intensely high-strung and that his lack of self-confidence would intrigue a Freud. Several times during the rehearsals of every play in which he has appeared Lunt has turned in his script and has moaned, "You better get an actor. I'm through. I'm no good."

"Tell me I'm rotten," he says, his eyes dilating with horror, "and I'll always believe you. Maybe I shouldn't have been an actor. Maybe that is why I'm always scared. Acting is not an art, anyway; all you do is recite the lines an artist has supplied."

Thus speaking, he retires into moody silence for an instant and, if it is just prior to a performance, commands his valet to see whether the house is really full. He cheers up a good deal if word comes back that only standing room is left.

The street called Broadway, incurably romantic beneath its rouge of cynicism, takes vicarious satisfaction in the romance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Its inception, early in 1919 at the Hudson Theater in New York, had exactly the right dramatic note. Miss Fontanne, only recently discovered in London by Laurette Taylor, was still to experience her first great success as the annoying and babbling heroine of Dulcy. Lunt, although he had toured with Margaret Anglin and Laura Hope Crews, was a somewhat obscure young actor.

Both had been summoned to the Hudson Theater for stock company rehearsals and they were introduced to each other on one of those treacherous iron stairways so numerous backstage. Miss Fontanne was coming down and Mr. Lunt was ascending.

Falling for Fontanne

In attempting a rather unfamiliar gallantry, that of kissing the beautiful lady's hand, Mr. Lunt slipped on the smooth surface of the stairway and tumbled three or four steps to the landing below. He was not hurt and the accident provided an anecdote to be told and retold at the Lambs and the Friars.

"He *fell* for her, *fell*—do you get it?" some moth-eaten actor explains to a luncheon companion who has already heard the story.

Just as each of them achieved distinction on the stage before they were married in 1923, the narratives of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have no connection for many years. Less is known about her, partly because she lacks his flair for reminiscence and partly because there are fewer in the United States who knew her when she was very young. She was born in London, the daughter of an Englishwoman and a Frenchman named Jules Pierre Antoine Fontanne, and was christened Lily Louise Fontanne. She was early destined for the stage and received her

(Continued on page 52)

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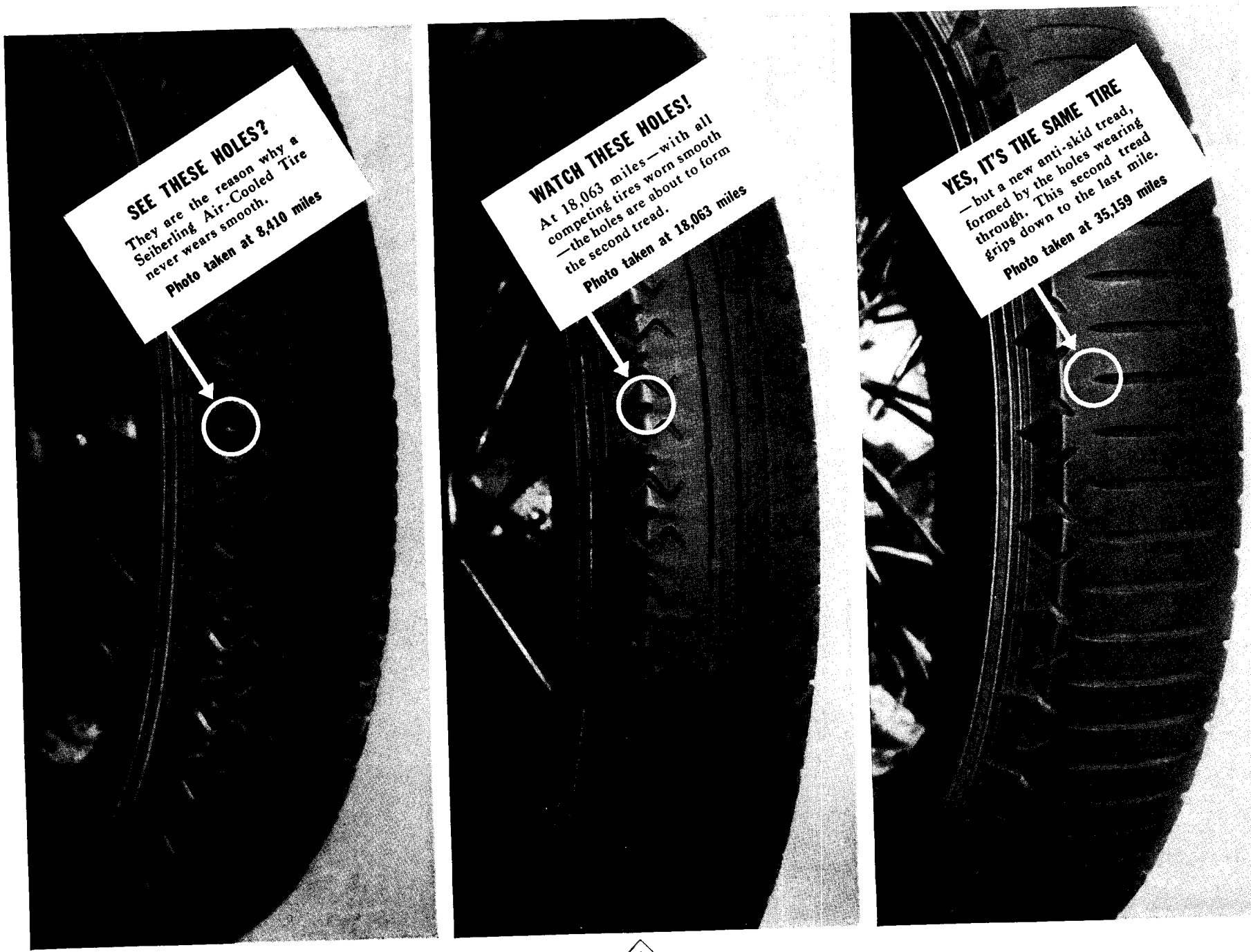
★ ★ ★ ★ THIS TEST PROVES THAT ★ ★ ★ ★

THE TIRE THAT NEVER WEARS

...on mileage!


SEE THESE HOLES?
They are the reason why a Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire never wears smooth.
Photo taken at 8,410 miles
WATCH THESE HOLES!
At 18,063 miles—with all competing tires worn smooth—the holes are about to form the second tread.
Photo taken at 18,063 miles
YES, IT'S THE SAME TIRE
—but a new anti-skid tread, formed by the holes wearing through. This second tread grips down to the last mile.
Photo taken at 35,159 miles

SEIBERLING

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SMOOTH BEATS 'EM ALL!

...on cost!...on safety!

IN THE most convincing tire test ever made, the Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire proved to be the longest wearing, safest, and most economical of all tires!

The test was conducted by Harry Tucker, Professor of Highway Engineering of North Carolina State College—and widely known in the engineering world for his knowledge of road construction and its relation to tire wear.

In the test, were the first line 6-ply tires of the seven largest-selling brands, including two mail-order tires, and the Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire. The results are shown in the letter on the right.

The Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire ran 39,025 miles! And every one of the 39,025 miles was an anti-skid mile! There was a safe tread right to the end. This test proves that the Air-Cooled Tire is the only tire in the world that never wears smooth!

Cost figures were eye-opening, too. The Air-Cooled Tire cost was just 36/1000 of a cent per mile—17.61% lower for total miles, and 44.10% lower for anti-skid miles than the other tires.

What enables the Air-Cooled Tire to make these amazing records? Its patented air-cooled construction! Holes, running through the tread, carry off destructive heat and permit the thickest tread ever put on a tire. And—when the first tread wears off—these holes form a *second* anti-skid tread which lasts down to the last mile!

See this patented tire—write Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, for name of nearest Seiberling dealer.

North Carolina State College
Raleigh

STATE COLLEGE STATION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERING

I hereby certify that the Highway Engineering Department, School of Engineering of North Carolina State College, secured from the open market the designated first line 6-ply Heavy Duty tires of the seven largest selling brands, or leading makes, including the tires sold by two mail-order firms, and that these tires were tested on an equal basis, together with a Seiberling Air-Cooled Duo-Tread Tire. All of these tires were tested on the rear wheels of fully loaded Chevrolet sedans, and these cars were driven on an average of 700 miles per day and delivered mileage according to the following certified record:

	1. Anti-Skid Mileage	2. Total Mileage
Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire	39,025	39,025
Competitor A	18,727	28,413
Competitor B	18,500	33,384
Competitor C	18,377	25,937
Competitor D	17,753	23,788
Competitor E	15,000*	24,000*
Competitor F	18,103	22,799
Competitor G	15,811	22,034

*Failed at bead. Anti-skid and total mileage estimated.

At the completion of this test, the facts as computed by me show that the Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire averaged 51.47% greater total mileage, and 123.42% greater anti-skid mileage than the other tires tested. At the regular retail prices at which these tires are sold, the Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire delivered this mileage at 17.61% lower cost per total mile and 44.10% lower cost per anti-skid mile than the average of the other tires tested.

Harry Tucker
Professor of Highway Engineering.

Above is Professor Tucker's signed statement giving the complete results of the test. At the left are the test cars, starting their gruelling run of 700 miles per day, until every tire was worn to the fabric.

AIR-COOLED TIRES

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came upon him a feeling of respectful awe as he contemplated Senator Ambrose Opal, that intrepid man who, with a million Drys on his voting list, dared to order his private life so moistly. It was, he felt, the spirit of . . . well, he could not say exactly what it was the spirit of, but it was most certainly the spirit of something. He would have liked to pat Senator Opal on the back and tell him he had misjudged him.

"Have you got all that?" inquired Jane anxiously.

"Every syllable."

"Well, listen. When I got to the suite, Mrs. Gedge had just left, and I've never seen Father a brighter purple. And I must say, poor darling, he had every right to look as purple as he liked. Because, I mean, picture his embarrassment."

"I do."

"He told me the whole thing. Mrs. Gedge says she is going to hold him up. If he doesn't make Mr. Gedge ambassador to France, she swears she will give his letter to the papers and the whole nation will know that he employs a bootlegger. And that will be his absolute finish politically, because, you see, his whole position rests on the fact that he is a Dry leader, and if this letter is printed in the papers he will be sunk."

SQUEAKINGS broke out once more at the other end of the wire.

"Stop it!" said Packy.

"Stop what?"

"Stop going on like a basketful of puppies."

"Was I?"

"You were."

"Well, I'm excited. Now, this is the interesting part."

"It can't be more interesting than Act One."

"Yes, it is. You see, when Father told me all this, I suddenly saw that here was where I got the chance to put in a little smooth work. So I told him that I was secretly engaged to a wonderful man, only he hadn't any money."

"Did you mention that he was at present acting as your father's valet?"

"No. I thought it wouldn't be wise."

"Quite right."

"I simply told him I was engaged to a wonderful man, and I said, 'Suppose I manage somehow to get back this letter from Mrs. Gedge, will you consent to our marriage?' And Father said that if I got that letter back I could marry the iceman if I wanted to and he would come and dance at the wedding."

"Fair enough."

"So that's how things stand at present. Mrs. Gedge won't be back at St. Rocque for a few days, but we're all going over tomorrow, as arranged. When she arrives, we can start doing something."

"What?"

"Well, whatever we can think of."

"Have you thought of anything yet?"

"No."

"Have you told all this to Eggleston?"

"Of course."

"What does he think of it?"

There was a shade of hesitation in Jane's voice.

"Well, he seems interested. But the trouble with Blair is that, having this great brain of his, he's rather a little too much the artistic, dreamy type, and what one really needs in a situation like this is a man of action and resource. I mean, when I asked Blair if he had any proposition to put forward that might lead to bringing home the bacon, he just tugged at his mustache and looked goofy and said he hadn't. Well, good-by, Mr. Franklyn, I must rush. I'm supposed to be dressing for dinner."

There was a click. Jane had hung up.

For several minutes after he had finished listening to this story, so vibrant with a young girl's hopes and fears, Packy remained standing at the telephone, staring before him. He burned with baffled exasperation. Here he was, tied to this one-horse town, this London, miles away from all this tense human drama, and it made him feel like a caged skylark. The demon of discontent which had been troubling him became of a sudden more vigorous and active than ever. He was a young man who hated to be out of things, and Jane's communication had shown him that the living, pulsating center of things was the Château Blissac, St. Rocque, Brittany.

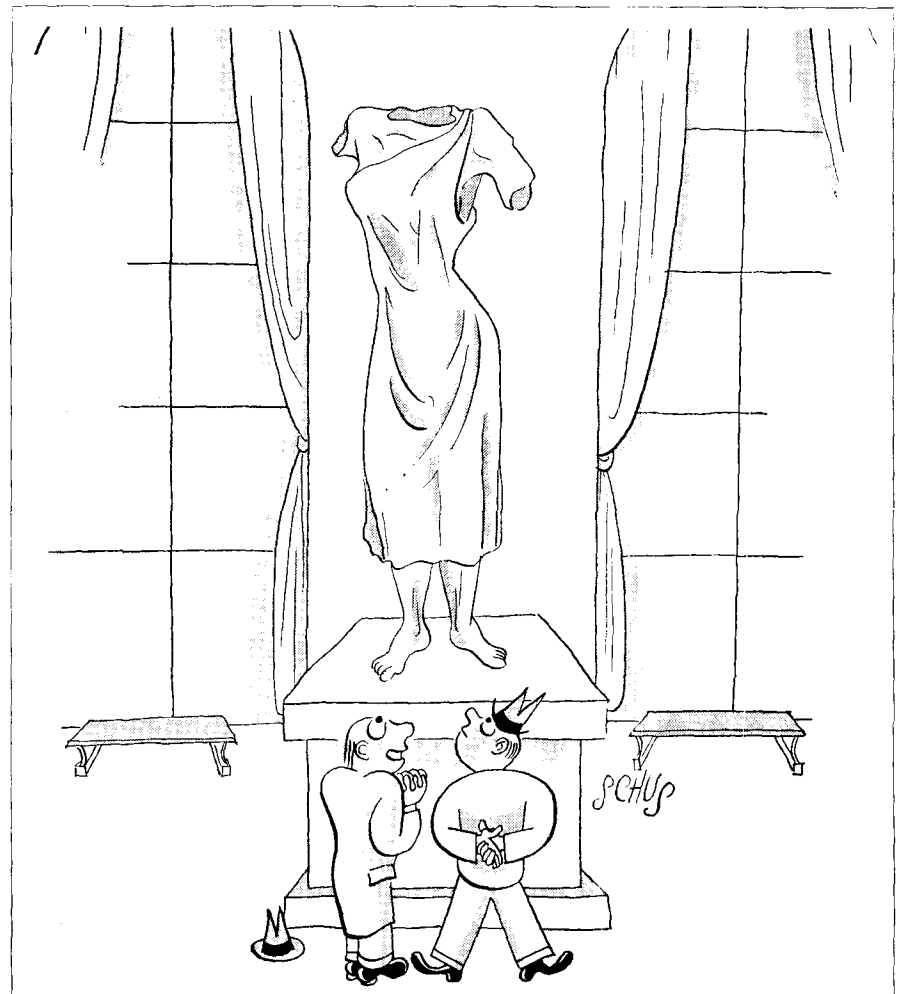
Hot Water

Continued from page 13

BUT Beatrice had told him to stay in London. And Beatrice's word was law.

And yet . . .

Suddenly he emerged from his trance. His bearing was the set, resolute bearing of one who has made a great decision.



"She must have been an ideal wife!" *Adolph Schus*

Beatrice, when she had told him to remain in London and go to concerts, could not, he felt, have foreseen that a situation like this would arise. Briefly, what it amounted to was that he had been offered the chance of helping to bring happiness to two young hearts. Would she have him refuse it?

Absurd.

Besides, hadn't she given him strict instructions to stick around Blair Eggleston like a poultice? Undoubtedly. And the only way to hitch up with Blair Eggleston was to go to St. Rocque.

The whole tone of Jane's remarks had shown him how sorely his presence would be needed there. Blair Eggleston might be highly skilled at imitating horses' hoofs and the like, but of what avail would this accomplishment be in a situation like the present one? It was ridiculous to suppose that the determination of a woman like Mrs. Gedge could ever be broken down by such means. If Blair Eggleston were to stand in front of Mrs. Gedge by the hour, doing imitation glass crashes or rubbing two coconuts together to create the illusion of distant thunder, she would simply laugh at him.

No! What was required, as Jane had pointed out, was a man of action and resource.

He took up the magazine and read once more the advertisement of the auxiliary yawl Flying Cloud. He noted the address of the agents responsible for her chartering. He went to the writing table and began to compose a careful letter to Beatrice, informing her that, feeling a little run down and in need of a change, he had decided after all to take a short vacation. He proposed, accordingly, to start at once for the quaint Breton town of St. Rocque, because there he would have a chance of learning a little French, and you never knew when French might not come in useful. Every man, wrote Packy, ought to know at least one language besides his own.

He opened the letter again to add a postscript to the effect that there was probably a picture gallery in St. Rocque. Then, sealing and stamping the envelope, he wrote to the agents for the auxiliary yawl Flying Cloud, announcing his intention of calling upon them first thing in the morning.

IN THE days when St. Rocque was merely a fishing village, there was built in its harbor a small stone jetty. To it the fishermen tied their boats and on it they spread their nets to dry in the sun. You do not see many nets there nowadays, for the descendants of those fishermen have for the most part given up their ancient trade, finding it more profitable to hire their craft out to summer visitors. Two days after Packy Franklyn had set out on his voyage, a willowy young man with a pleasant face marred at the moment by a slight pallor was standing on the jetty steps, endeavoring with the assistance of a voluable son of the sea, in high boots and a blue jersey, to climb into a small and unsafe-looking rowboat.

The Vicomte de Blissac, on arriving in his native town, had immediately registered at the Hôtel des Étrangers. This, seeing that he was expected as a guest at the château, may seem curious, but he had his reasons. Today was the day of the Festival of the Saint, and he did not propose to miss it. It was his plan to revel tonight in a manner befitting this important occasion and only on the morrow to present himself at the home of his ancestors—and even then only if he felt considerably better than he expected to feel.

And if his host and hostess, the Monsieur and Madame Gedge, should grow concerned at his absence—why, that, felt the vicomte, who, as this chronicle has already hinted, took a light-hearted view of life and its problems, was unfortunate but could not be helped.

His motives for embarking on this water jaunt may be explained quite simply. Although Mr. Gedge's statement that the Vicomte de Blissac was never sober had been an exaggeration—for he was frequently sober, sometimes for hours at a time—it is undoubtedly true that he had a distinct bias towards the festive. And, becoming acquainted with some agreeable strangers at the hotel on the previous evening, he had found one thing leading to another, and so on far into the night. This morning he had awakened feeling a little under the weather, and it had seemed to him that a row in the fresh air might act as a pick-me-up.

And the theory was proving itself correct. As he splashed his way vigorously about the harbor, he was growing conscious of a marked improvement.

IT WAS a lovely morning, with a keen breeze whipping the water and turning the little bay to a lagoon of jewels in the sun. White boats lay at anchor everywhere, and gulls wheeled and cried under the blue sky. And so restored was the vicomte by this time that the uproar of these birds, which at first had given him a shooting pain across the temples, began now to seem almost musical.

Exhilarated, he rested on his oars and looked about him. And, looking, he perceived that he had come within a few feet of ramming an auxiliary yawl bearing on its side the name Flying Cloud. He backed a yard or two, and it was at this moment that he observed, leaning over the side of the vessel, a man who smoked a pipe. And with the utmost pleasure and surprise he recognized his old friend, Packy Franklyn.

He waved effusively. Packy took no notice. He waved again. Packy appeared not to be aware of his existence.

The fact was, Packy had come on deck to think, and he was doing it with such intensity that he had no eye for wavers.

The bright crusading spirit which had taken Packy Franklyn to the shores of Brittany had become, by the time he dropped anchor in the harbor of St. Rocque, a little dimmed. He was still as full of zeal as ever, but as he washed up the dishes after his simple morning meal he had to admit to himself that if anyone were to ask him just what he proposed to do, now that he had got here, they would stump him badly.

As far as he could figure things out at even date, he would be able to offer Jane Opal at this critical point in her life little but brotherly sympathy and understanding. In order to accomplish

(Continued on page 36)

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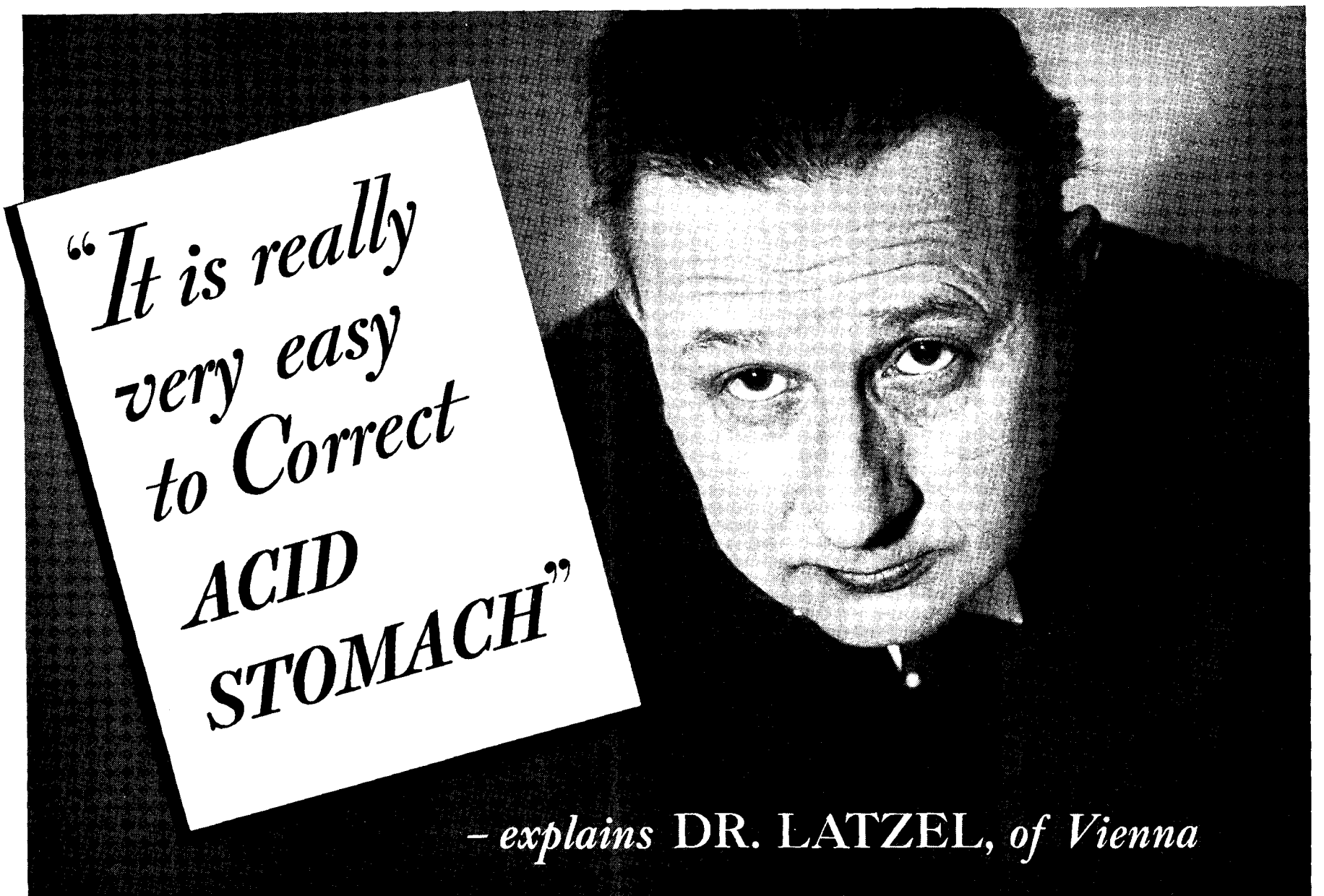


"Scientific discoveries prove Yeast* improves digestion," *declares Famous Doctor*

SOURNESS. Indigestion. Gas. That dull, bloated feeling after meals.

Familiar symptoms, these. All too common. Yet—in the vast majority of cases—they are absolutely unnecessary, eminent physicians say! For example—

"'Acid stomach,' heartburn, coated tongue, etc., are often discovered to be due to a stagnant condition of the intestines.

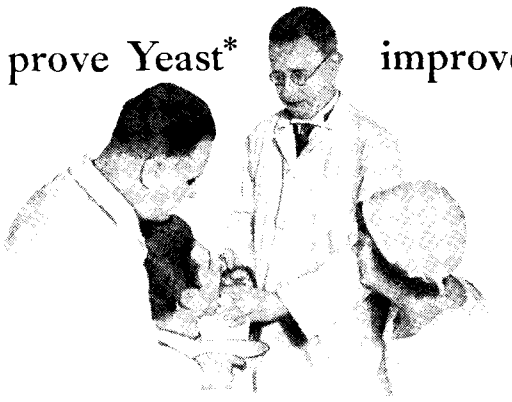
"It is really very easy to correct this trouble . . . *by eating fresh yeast.*"

In these words the celebrated stomach specialist, Dr. Robert Latzel, sums up the results of a lifetime of medical experience. Dr. Latzel is physician-in-chief of the clinic for internal diseases in Vienna's largest free hospital. He adds:—

"Yeast restores normal bowel action . . . improves digestion by increasing the flow of digestive juices, giving a healthy appetite and greater vitality."

Made a part of your regular diet, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones," stimulates and invigorates your whole sluggish digestive and intestinal tract. Accumulated food wastes are moistened and softened. Your body again eliminates all poison-breeding residue *in a normal way*.

Then, as your system is gently cleansed, digestive secretions revive. Discomfort no longer follows eating. You really enjoy your meals once more!



"Much suffering could be spared if patients would keep elimination regular," says Dr. Latzel.

So get rid of indigestion. Get back healthy energy, a happy smile. Find out what Fleischmann's Yeast will do *in your own case*.

Just ask for *Fleischmann's* Yeast—rich in the indispensable, health-giving vitamins B and G and the "sunshine" vitamin D. Start eating it today!

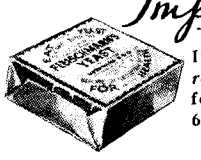
"Patients Completely Relieved"

DR. MAZERAN, founder of the famous French clinic, "Thermalia," says: "Indigestion, irritability and loss of appetite are warnings of poisons being absorbed into the blood . . . In these cases I recommend fresh yeast . . . I have had patients absolutely haunted by intestinal swelling and gas . . . who, after treatment with yeast, were completely relieved."

"I certainly agree with what doctors say Fleischmann's Yeast will do," *writes* Mrs. G. R. Woods, *of St. Louis.* "I was suffering from indigestion. I knew it came from constipation . . .

"A friend suggested yeast. Within a very short time the constipation and headaches vanished, and it was such a joy to be able to eat anything I wanted."

Eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass).



***Important** Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—*the kind famous doctors recommend.* At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Dept. Y-EE-12, Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York City.*

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Hot Water

Continued from page 34

anything practical on her behalf, it was obvious that he would somehow have to get into the château, and not even eggs and bacon and coffee had given him the slightest hint as to how this was to be done. Unless some pretty striking ideas on the subject were to present themselves shortly, his ranking as a helper of damsels in distress would, he perceived, be even lower than that of Blair Eggleston.

However, there was still a hope. He had not yet smoked the after-breakfast pipe, which, as everybody knows, can often prove a source of the subtlest inspiration. Lighting this pipe, he went on deck and, leaning over the side, told his brain to go to it and see what it had got.

It had got nothing whatever. He urged it to try again. And it was at this point that he received the first intimation that his friend the vicomte had come back into his life. Unable to attract Packy's attention in a sitting posture, it had occurred to the vicomte that better results might be obtained were he to stand up.

It was a most unfortunate move. A professional acrobat might have stood and waved in a St. Rocque pleasure boat without disaster, but the vicomte had not had the early training necessary for the task. A sudden lurch sent him staggering sideways, and from there to the water was an easy step. He went in like a performing seal.

FROM a dozen neighboring boats there rose immediately a babble of alarm. The French are an emotional race. When they see drama unfolding itself before their eyes, they do not treat it with well-bred silence. They scream and shout and jump and hop. The interpretation which Packy first placed on the uproar was that quite a number of murders must have broken out simultaneously in the vicinity. It was only a few moments later that, happening to glance down at the water, he observed floating in it a human form. And, scanning this form more closely, he recognized it as that of the Vicomte de Blissac.

"Hello, there, Veek," he said. "How's the boy?"

The boy, at the moment of the inquiry, was not doing any too well. A wave had caught him unawares, and he now disappeared beneath the surface with a slight gargling sound. When he rose again, it was so evident that he was a poor swimmer that Packy realized that he had got to do something immediately.

Many men in Packy's position would have shrunk from diving in to the rescue, fully clad. Packy was one of them. He was fond of the vicomte, but not to the extent of ruining a nearly new flannel suit in his interests. However, the spirit of Auld Lang Syne was sufficiently strong in him to cause him to climb into the dinghy, and in a few minutes he had gaffed the poor bit of flotsam and brought it safely aboard.

The affecting reunion which should have taken place at this point had to be deferred, owing to the necessity of retrieving the wrecked boat. Boats cost money in St. Rocque. It was some little time before Packy returned. When he did so, he found that the vicomte had not been idle in his absence. He had removed his wet clothes and donned a raincoat, had tracked down the whisky bottle, apparently purely by scent, and was now drinking a medicinal dram against a possible cold in the head.

To his host's inquiries he replied reassuringly:

"I'm all right, my old Packy. Quite O. C. Absolutely O. C."

An education at Eton and subsequent travel in both Great Britain and the United States had given the Vicomte de Blissac a considerable fluency in the English tongue but not a perfect command of it. He belonged to the school of thought which holds that if you talk fast the words will take care of themselves. This was one of his simpler efforts, and Packy interpreted his meaning without difficulty. He regarded him fondly, as men will a friend dramatically restored to them, and they fell into pleasant conversation.

"I didn't know you were coming to St. Rocque, Packy. What do you do here?"

PACKY was guarded. There are some missions too secret to reveal even to an old friend.

"Oh, I'm just pottering around. Tell me, Veek, what happened to you?"

"I fell overboard."

"No, I mean eighteen months ago. You suddenly disappeared from New York without a word. Did they deport you?"

"Oh, no. My mamma send a cable that I should go out West to Colorado. She hear that I have been making good fun and she think I needing a rest-cure. Always my mamma is think I needing rest-cures. That is why I go now to stay with these Gedges at the château. They are rich Americans who have taken the château, and I bet you, my Packy, my mamma has make them pay through the nostrils."

Packy, who had been sitting on the side of the boat, rose as if he had just discovered the woodwork to be red hot. A thrill of elation passed through him.

"Are you at the château now?"

"Not yet. I go soon . . . perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"Well, you never know, my Packy. If the festival is so good as always it has been, maybe I do not arrive for days and days."

"What festival?"

The vicomte waved a hand shorewards. The little town was gay with flags and bunting, and even at this early hour care-free noises had begun to make themselves heard.

"Today is the Festival of the Saint. St. Rocque, you understand. It is his anniversary which is being celebrated. Just one of those damn' silly binges where the populace cuts loose and steps on the gas," explained the vicomte, genially tolerant of the recreations of the lower orders, "but not bad. Quite good fun. I broke almost my neck last year, jumping over a table."

Packy was not interested in the Festival of the Saint.

"Look here, Veek," he said urgently. "Be a sport. Get me invited to the château, will you? I can't explain, but I have a particular reason for wanting to spend a few days there."

The vicomte smiled indulgently.

"Aha! The beautiful Miss Opal, yes?"

Packy was annoyed. Jane Opal, except as a mere acquaintance to whom he wished to do a good turn, was nothing to him. It was intensely irritating to have to listen to such nonsense.

"Nothing of the kind. I happen to be engaged to be married. Can you get me into the château?"

"Alas, no."

"Why not?"

"My old Packy, what you ask is impossible. By the time I arrive at the château, I shall be in very wrong with these Gedges and what I say will not go. They expect me arriving yesterday, and most likely I do not turn upwards till the day after tomorrow, if even then. This will annoy these Gedges confoundedly. They will be sicker than mud. You understand?"

PACKY was unwilling to accept defeat. "All the same . . ."

"No," said the vicomte definitely, "it cannot be done. So, far from inviting my friends to the château, I shall be extremely fortunate if I do not myself become kicked out."

Packy argued no further. He was depressed, but he could see the force of the other's reasoning.

"By heavens, I feel ten years younger after that"
"By heavens, so do I!"
Leonard Dove

"And now," said the vicomte, dismissing the unprofitable theme, "let us forget these Gedges and the château, and we will speak of the festival. This festival is good fun, Packy. Do you remember how in New York once you take me to a fête of artists at Webster 'all?"

Packy nodded austerely. He recalled the episode, but it was one which, in his capacity of a steady young fellow engaged to a girl of ideals, he preferred to forget.

"Well, it is like that, something, only bigger much. It is our great fancy costume carnival, you understand. The whole town goes cuckoo. Everybody puts on funny clothes and becomes pie-eyed."

Packy shivered prudishly. He was aware, of course, that there were still people in the world who disgraced themselves in the manner described, but it was not nice to have to hear about them.

"What great good fortune that you should arriving on this particular day, my Packy, and that we should so happily have met. We will whoop it up."

St. Anthony might have equaled Packy's stare, but only on one of his best days.

"You don't suppose I'm coming, do you?"

"Why, what else?"

Packy rubbed his chin pensively. He had suddenly discovered that this was opening up a new line of thought.

Anything in the nature of rowdy revelry was, of course, intensely distasteful to him nowadays. He had put all that sort of thing far behind him. But in the case of this Festival of the Saint there was Beatrice to be considered. Beatrice, recognizing the great educative value of the experience, would probably be much annoyed were he to miss such a colorful, characteristic affair. And he would not like to do anything to displease Beatrice.

"It's pretty full of historic interest, this festival, I should imagine, is it not? Might broaden the mind a good deal, I take it?"

"Just a lot of damn' fools hotting it up and getting so tight as owls."

PACKY frowned. It seemed to him that his friend was willfully missing the point.

"Naturally, on such an occasion," he said, "there would be a certain amount of hearty, Old World jollity. That is only to be expected. But, what I mean is, suppose a fellow wanted to study the Soul of France? . . ."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"Count me in," said Packy. "But there's just one thing. If you think you or anybody else is going to get me into fancy dress, you're very much mistaken."

"Not even a simple pierrot?"

"No, sir!"

"A pierrot is not much."

"No."

"Myself," said the vicomte, "I attend the Carnival as a . . . how do you call those little green things that run about and lie in the sun?"

"You don't mean to tell me," said Packy, shocked, "that you are going to this jamboree as a lizard?"

"Lizard! That is it. Yes, I go as a lizard."

"I hope somebody steps on you."

"Everyone steps on everyone everywhere at the Festival of the Saint. It is part of the good fun. We shall meet, then, to dine, at eight o'clock at the Hôtel des Étrangers. That is that big great building you see there beside the casino. You will find me in the cocktail bar."

"You don't need to tell me that," said Packy.

(To be continued next week)

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Help us end this $25,000 argument

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

Names of previous winners sent on request.

Write a "blurb" . . . 464 prizes this month!

WATER'S PLENTY HARD, CHARLIE. BETTER TRY SOME OF THIS COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM. NOTHIN' LIKE IT FOR A REAL CLOSE 24-HOUR SHAVE.
THANKS, BUTCH. I'M USIN' PALMOLIVE. THERE AINT ANYTHING BETTER—AND NEVER WILL BE. GIVE ME AN OLIVE OIL SHAVING CREAM FOR GENUINE SHAVING COMFORT!

NIX, CHARLIE, I KNOW WHEN I'VE GOT THE PERFECT SHAVE. WHEN A CREAM GIVES ME A SMOOTH ALL-DAY SHAVE LIKE COLGATE'S DOES—I'M STICKIN' TO IT
WELL, O.K. FELLER. THE CREAM THAT LEAVES MY FACE FEELIN' THE WAY PALMOLIVE DOES IS MY BABY—AND I DON'T TWO-TIME!

This is your last chance to win some of this real money. Get in on it.

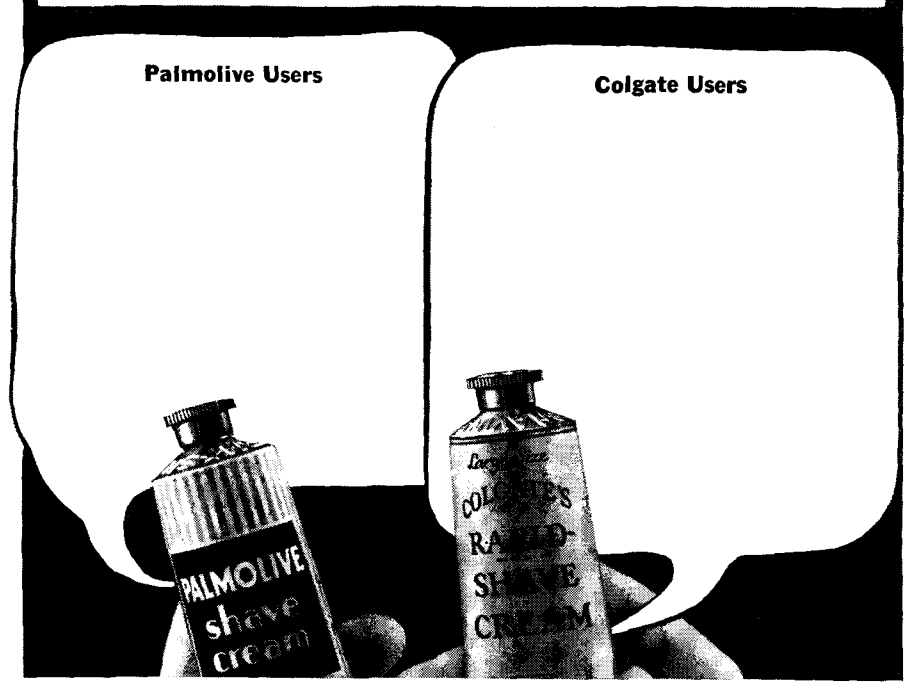
LISTEN to this argument, men! It's just the kind of argument you're likely to hear any time—in any part of the country. Millions of men like Charlie and Butch have made Palmolive and Colgate's shaving creams the biggest sellers in the world. The overwhelming leaders in a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Colgate users swear there's nothing like it. Palmolive shavers are "sold solid." What's *your* slant? Are you with Butch or Charlie? Are you for Colgate's or Palmolive?

Write a "blurb" and let us know. Read over the "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths above. Then say *your* say—in favor of Palmolive *or* in favor of Colgate's (not both). Write in one of the empty "blurb" spaces at right, or better on a separate sheet of paper. Just "horn in" on the argument—in your own words. Get your pencil out—now!

Come on you shavers—get in on this $25,000 ARGUMENT

Charlie wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Butch says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." Who are you for? Hurry—take a shot at this real money.



CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to **Contest Editors, Dept. G-6, P.O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill.** Residents of Canada, address: **64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.**

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29	$4200	Mar. 31	$4200
April 30	$4200	May 31	$4200
June 30	$4200	July 31	$4200

(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

NOTE: Names of prize-winners in contests so far decided are available on request.

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families may *not* compete. In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Chess is the oldest, most intellectual and most cosmopolitan game of skill in existence. It is played in virtually every country on earth.

Russia has a peculiar little lizard that, although fully equipped with throat and vocal cords, chirps with its tail.—*By Max Wimmer, Parks, Arizona.*

Along the northern coast of Siberia today, the tides still are casting up pieces of ivory from the tusks of those famous mammoths which became extinct through floods about 10,000 years ago and have since been entombed in the ice flows of the Arctic Ocean.

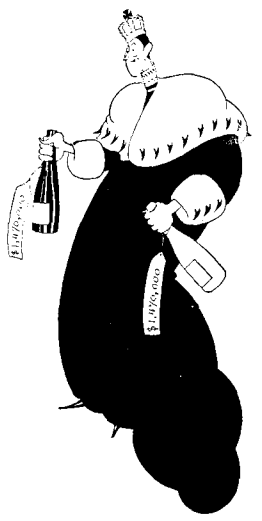
American insurance companies today pay—in dividends, endowments, annuities and disability claims—more than twice as much money to living policyholders as they do to the beneficiaries of death policies.—*By N. R. Wolfe, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

The use of the cross as a religious symbol did not begin with the Christian era but with the dawn of civilization. Numerous examples have been found in India, Syria, Persia, Egypt and Mexico.

Greyhound racing holds the record for attracting in one year more persons to one sports field than any other sport in history, eclipsing even the annual attendance at any Roman arena or modern baseball park.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by positive proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City

Oregon has a law which allows a loser in a gambling game to sue and recover from the winner double the amount that he lost.—*By Cecil Chrisman, Wallowa, Oregon.*



Undoubtedly the most costly wine in history was consumed by the King of Württemberg about 1875. The 240 bottles had been stored for 250 years, and the expense of keeping the cellar, the rise in money value, taxes and interest increased the actual investment per bottle from $1.13 to $1,470,000.

In the 1,000 hours between its birth and its maturity, a silkworm increases its weight 9,500 times.

Due to the rapid development of airplane and motor-bus transportation, Africa may go down in history as the only continent which never had a railroad track completely run across it—either north and south or east and west.

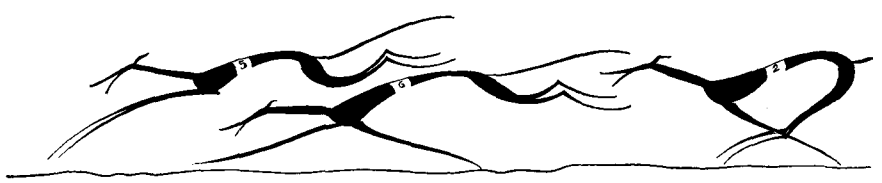
Ice does not float in alcohol. — *By Frances Ernst, Chicago, Illinois.*

The world's largest collection of coins and medals is owned by the British Museum, London. It contains more than 500,000 pieces, the oldest having been struck about 700 B. C.

History records several cases in which men on trial for serious crimes have been set free despite the fact that they frankly and seriously confessed their guilt. The juries did not believe them because they were notorious liars.

Persia is believed to be the only country in the world where everyone from the shah down to the poorest beggar must—by an age-old custom—buy himself a new suit of clothes for Noruz or New Year's Day, which is the first day of spring.

During the past six years in which Sir Malcolm Campbell has been experimenting and breaking records with his "Bluebird," the world's fastest racing car, no other person has ever operated it and Sir Malcolm himself has driven it at its racing speed for only 28 minutes.



The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 17

I was fascinated but appalled—fascinated by the genius of the Chinese doctor; appalled by the fact that he employed that genius not for good but for evil.

"You are a very small cog, Mr. Greville," he continued, "in that wheel which is turning against me. If I could use you, I would do so. But you have nothing to offer me. I bear you no ill will, however, and I have given my word to my daughter—whom you know, I believe, as Fah Lo Suee—that no harm shall come to you at my hands. She is a woman of light loves, but you have pleased her—and I have given my word."

HE SPOKE the last sentence as one who says, "I have set my royal seal to this." And indeed he spoke so with justice. For even Sir Denis, his most implacable enemy, had admitted that the word of Dr. Fu Manchu was inviolable. Volition left me. Facing this superhuman enemy of all that my traditions stood for, I found my mental attitude to be that of a pupil at the feet of a master!

"My daughter's aid was purchased tonight at the price of this promise," Dr. Fu Manchu added, his voice displaying no emotion whatever. "I had thought that I could use you to achieve a certain end. But consideration of the character of Sir Lionel Barton has persuaded me that I cannot."

"What do you mean?" I asked, my voice sounding unfamiliar.

"I mean, Mr. Greville, that you love him. But you love a shell, an accomplishment, a genius if you like; but a phantom, a hollow thing, having no real existence. Sir Lionel Barton would sacrifice you tomorrow—tonight—to his own ambitions. Do you doubt this?"

It was a wicked thought, and I clenched my teeth. But God knows I recognized its truth!

"For this reason"—Dr. Fu Manchu's voice rose to a soft, sibilant note—"I have been compelled to modify my original plans slightly."

Returning to his chair, he seated himself. I was very near to him now, but:

"Sit down!" he said.

And I sat down on an Arab stool which stood at one end of the table and which he indicated with a bony, extended forefinger.

He rested his long hands before him upon the glass covering of the table. And, no longer looking in my direction:

"Sir Lionel Barton has served me for the first time in his life," he said, his voice still touching that high, sibilant note. "By discovering and then destroying the tomb of El Mokanna, he awakened a fanaticism long dormant which, properly guided, should sweep farther than that once controlled by the Mahdi. And the Mahdi, Mr. Greville, came nearer to achieving his ends than British historians care to admit. Your Lord Kitchener—whom I knew and esteemed—had no easy task."

He suddenly turned to me, and I lost personality again, swamped in the lake of two green eyes.

"The Mokanna may be greater than the Mahdi," he added. "But his pretensions must survive severe tests. He must satisfy the learned Moslems of the Great Mosque at Damascus, and later pass the ordeal of Mecca. This he can do who possesses the authentic relics. . . ."

Vaguely, I groped for the purpose behind all this. . . .

"I would not trust Sir Lionel Barton to respond even to that demand about to be made upon him, if Dr. Petrie and Sir Denis Nayland Smith were not there. Since they are—I am satisfied."

He struck a little gong suspended on a frame beside his chair. One of the three doors—that almost immediately behind him—opened; and two of those dwarfish and muscular Negroes entered, instantly carrying my mind back to the horrors of Ispahân.

They wore native Egyptian costume, but that they were West Africans was a fact quite unmistakable.

Dr. Fu Manchu made a slight signal with his left hand, and in an instant I found myself pinioned. He spoke gutturally in an unfamiliar tongue—no doubt that of the Negroes. And I was led forward until I stood almost at his elbow.

"This document is precious," he explained, "and I feared that you might attempt some violent action. Can you read from where you stand?"

Yes, I could read—and reading, I was astounded. . . .

I saw a note in my own handwriting, addressed to Rima; phrased as I would have phrased it and directing her to slip away and to join me in a car which would be waiting outside Shepheard's! Particularly the note impressed upon her that she must not confide in anyone, but must come *alone*. . . .

I swallowed audibly; and then:

"It's a marvelous forgery," I said.

"Forgery!" Dr. Fu Manchu echoed the word. "My dear Mr. Greville, you wrote it with your own hand during that period of thirty minutes' oblivion to which I have drawn your attention. My new anesthetic"—he dropped some of the dried seeds through his long fingers—"has properties approaching perfection."

My arms were held in a muscular grip.

"She will never be fool enough to come," I exclaimed.

"Not to join *you?*"

"She will run back when she finds I am not there."

"But you will be there."

"What?"

"When one small obstacle has been removed—that which the obstinacy of Sir Lionel Barton has set before me—your behavior, Mr. Greville, will excite Dr. Petrie's professional interest. I wish it were in my power to give him some small demonstration of the potentialities, which I have not yet fully explored, of another excellent formula."

A SUDDEN dread clutched me, and I found cold perspiration breaking out all over my body.

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked—"and what are you going to do with Rima?"

"For yourself, you have my word . . ." the green eyes which had been averted turned to me again; "and I have never warred with women. I am going to recover the relics of the Masked Prophet, and return them to those to whom they properly belong. You are going to assist me."

I clenched my teeth very tightly.

Dr. Fu Manchu stood up, and moved with his lithe, dignified gait to one of the glass cases. He opened it. Speaking over his shoulder:

"If you care to swallow a cachet," he said, "this would suffice. The liquid preparation"—he held up a small flask containing a colorless fluid—"is not so rapid. Failing your compliance, however, an injection is indicated."

"I have no choice," I said in a dry voice.

(Continued on page 40)

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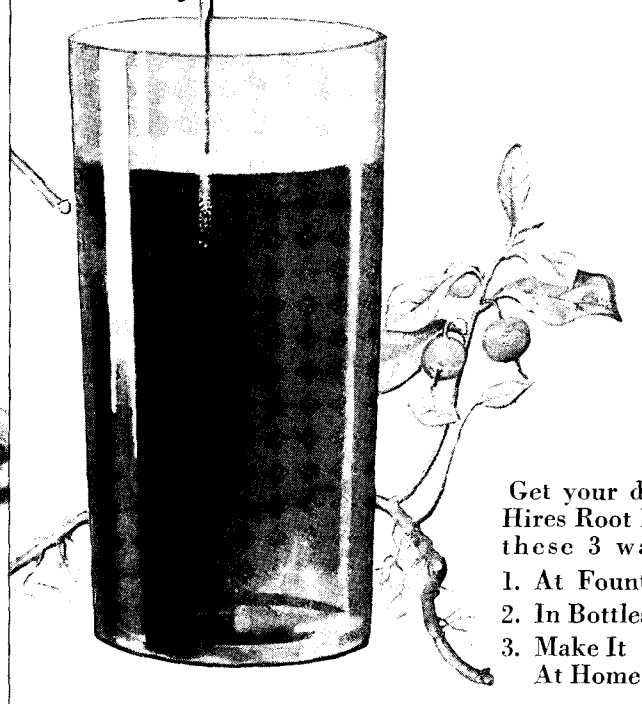

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DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 38

Dr. Fu Manchu replaced the flask which he held in one bony hand and selected a small wooden box. He turned, moving back towards the table.

"The subcutaneous is best," he murmured, "being most rapid in its effect. But the average patient prefers the tablets. . . ."

He opened a leather case which lay upon the table, and extracted a hypodermic syringe. Unemotionally, he dipped the point into a small vessel and wiped it with a piece of lint. Then, charging it from a tiny tube which he took from the box, he stepped towards me.

I remember saying, as that master physician and devil incarnate thrust back the sleeve of my tweed jacket and unfastened my cuff link:

"Since I have your word, Dr. Fu Manchu, you are loosing a dangerous witness on the world!"

The needle point pierced my flesh.

"On the contrary," the guttural voice replied without emotion, "one of your own English travelers, Dr. McGovern, has testified to the fact that words and actions under the influence of this drug —which he mentions in its primitive form as *kaapi*—leave no memory behind. I have gone further than the natives who originally discovered it. I can so prescribe as to induce fourteen variations of amnesia, graded from apparently full consciousness to complete anesthesia. The patient remains under my control in all these phases. Anamnesis, or recovery of the forgotten acts, may be brought about by means of a simple antidote. . . ."

He extracted the needle point.

"This preparation"—he laid the syringe on the glass-topped table, and indicated the working-bench—"might interest Sir Denis."

I EXPERIENCED a sudden, unfamiliar glow throughout my entire body. A burning thirst was miraculously assuaged. Whereas, a moment before, my skin had been damp with perspiration, now it seemed to be supernormally dry. I was exhilarated. I saw everything with an added clarity of vision. . . .

Some black, indefinable doubt, which had been astride me like an Old Man of the Sea, dropped away. I wondered what I had been worrying about. I could perceive nothing wrong with the world, nor with my own condition and place in it.

Dr. Fu Manchu took up a dull white flask, removed the stopper and dipped a slender rod into the contents.

"This, Mr. Greville"—holding up a bar of metal—"is Sheffield steel."

He dropped upon the bar some of the liquid adhering to the rod.

"Now observe—"

In obedience to a slight signal, the Negroes released my arms; one with surgical scissors cut the fastenings from my ankles. . . .

But I was conscious of no desire to attack the speaker. On the contrary, I recognized with a sudden overwhelming conviction the fact that my own happiness, and the happiness of everyone I knew, rested in his hands! He was all-powerful, beneficent, a superman to be respected and obeyed.

I watched him, entranced. Holding the steel bar in his bony fingers, he snapped it as though it had been a stick of chocolate!

"Had I been a burglar, Mr. Greville, this small invention would have been of value to me. You see, even *I* have my toys. . . ."

He turned, and walked slowly from the room with that dignified yet catlike gait which I knew. As lightning flickers in a summer sky, the idea crossed my mind that once I had feared, had loathed this Chinese physician. It disappeared, leaving me in a state of mental rapture such as I had never known.

I rejoiced that I was to serve Fu Manchu. Of the details of my mission I knew nothing, but that it aimed at the ultimate good of us all, I did not doubt. We were in charge of an omnipotent being; it was not for us to question his wisdom.

LED by one of the Slave Coast Negroes, whose broad shoulders and slightly bandy legs lent him a distinct resemblance to an ape dressed in human clothing, I found myself passing rapidly along a dimly lighted passage.

Down a flight of stairs I was led. A silk-shaded lamp on the landing afforded the only light, but I was aware of a surety of foot which would have enabled me to negotiate the most perilous mountain path with all the certainty of a wild goat. An iron-barred and studded door was opened, and I looked out into a square courtyard.

No cloud now obscured the sky which seemed to be filled with a million diamonds.

"Cut off the curls accidentally and I'll slip you a dime!"
George Shellhase

A landaulet stood before the steps. Respecting its driver, I could be sure only of one thing in that semi-darkness: he wore a *tarbûsh* and was therefore presumably an Egyptian.

The Negro opened the door for me, and I stepped in. One of the headlights was switched on momentarily and I saw a heavy gate being opened. Then the driver had swung out into a narrow street. It was not that behind the Mosque of Muayyâd. . . .

Through a number of such narrow streets, with never a light anywhere, we went at fair speed. I found myself constantly chuckling at the surprise which I had in store for Rima and the chief. Its exact character was not apparent to me, but I was perfectly satisfied that when the time came all would be well.

A shock of doubt which passed quickly came when, leaving the last of these streets, we bumped up an ill-made road, turned sharply, and at greatly accelerated speed set off along a straight and tree-bordered avenue. Beyond question this was the road from Gîzeh to Cairo!

Mental confusion resembling physical pain claimed me in that moment. My drugged brain, of course, was trying to force realities upon me. The spasm passed. There was some good reason for this circuitous route. . . .

And now we were nearing Cairo. The moment of the great revelation was fast approaching.

I took very little heed of passing automobiles or pedestrians, nor did I note by what route the driver made his way through to the Sharia Kâmel. But almost exactly at the spot where Fah Lo Suee had entered the yellow car, that is, nearly opposite Shepheard's, we pulled up.

"Stand here, please, in the light," said the driver, springing out and opening the door for me, "where she can see you when I find her."

"I know," I replied eagerly. "I understand perfectly."

The man nodded and ran across to the terrace steps. The number of waiting cars was not so great as at the time of my departure, but it was obvious that revelry still proceeded.

So unusually warm was the night that fully half a dozen tables on the terrace were occupied by dancers who had evidently come there to seek comparative quiet. Dimly I could hear strains of music. One thing I knew urgently I must avoid above all others . . . I must not be seen by anyone who knew me.

It was vitally important that Rima alone should know what was afoot.

I saw the driver go up the steps. He looked about him swiftly and then went into the hotel. He was carrying my letter. I became the victim of a devouring impatience.

RIMA was not well known at Shepheard's and perhaps it might prove difficult to find her, unless she chanced to be in her room. All would be lost if Sir Lionel got to know, or even if Sir Denis or Dr. Petrie should suspect what was afoot.

My impatience grew by leaps and bounds.

A group of four people came out onto the terrace, walking down the strip of carpet towards the steps. I shrank back apprehensively. One was a big, heavily built man; and for a moment I mistook him for the chief, until I saw that he wore evening kit. A car drew up and the party drove away.

Suspense became all but intolerable. Evidently some difficulty was being experienced in finding Rima, and the moments were precious—each one adding to the chances of detection. I found myself regarding failure of the plot with absolute horror!

Such was the genius of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .

The doors revolved again. The Egyptian driver came out, walked to the head of the steps and signaled to me.

I stepped forward into the roadway where I must be clearly visible from the terrace. Rima came out, dressed as I had seen her last, hatless and flushed with excitement. She held an open letter in her hand—mine. And she was staring eagerly across the street in quest of me.

None of the people seated on the terrace took any notice of these maneuvers; indeed, as I realized joyfully, there was nothing extraordinary in a man calling to pick up a girl from a dance.

Rima saw me, raced down the steps, and ran across.

I noticed, with a quick pang of sorrow —which, however, instantly gave place to that thrilling exaltation which was the keynote of my mood—that she was, or recently had been, very frightened. She threw her arms around me with a little gasping cry and looked into my eyes.

"Shan, Shan, darling! You have terrified us all! Wherever have you been? Whose car is this?"

"It is *his* car, dearest," I replied. "Quick! Get in. It's important that nobody should see us."

"*His* car?"

As I half lifted her in on the cushions, she grasped my arm and looked up with startled eyes to me. The chauffeur already was back at the wheel.

"Shan, dear, whatever do you mean? Sir Denis got in touch with police headquarters half an hour ago. And Uncle is simply raving. Dr. Petrie has asked everybody he knows in the hotel if you were seen to leave."

I HELD her close as the car moved off, but she began to tremble violently.

"Shan!—my dear, my dear!" she cried, and pulled my head down, trying to search my eyes in that semi-darkness. "For God's sake, where are we going?"

"We are going to *him*," I replied.

"My God! He's mad!"

The words were barely audible—a mere whisper. Thrusting both hands against my breast, Rima tried to push me away—to free herself. Already we had passed the Continental.

"You don't understand, darling. . . ."

"God help me, Shan, I *do!* Make him stop! Make him stop, I tell you!"

An English policeman was on duty at the corner, and as we raced past him I saw him raise his arm. Rima, wrenching free, leaned from the window, and:

"Help!" she screamed.

But I drew her forcibly back, putting my hand over her mouth before she could utter another word.

"My darling!" I said, holding her very close. "You will spoil everything! You will spoil everything!"

She relaxed and lay very still in my arms. . . .

The way was practically deserted now, and we passed few lighted patches, but I could see her big, upcast eyes fixed upon me, with an intensity of expression which puzzled me. I could see, too, that she had grown very pale. She did not speak again, but continued to watch me in that strange manner.

She seemed to be communicating some silent message and to be changing my mood, cooling that feverish exaltation.

What had she asked? Where we were going? Yes, that was it. . . . And where *were* we going? Mental turmoil like a physical pain claimed me again as I tried to grapple with that question. . . .

(To be continued next week)

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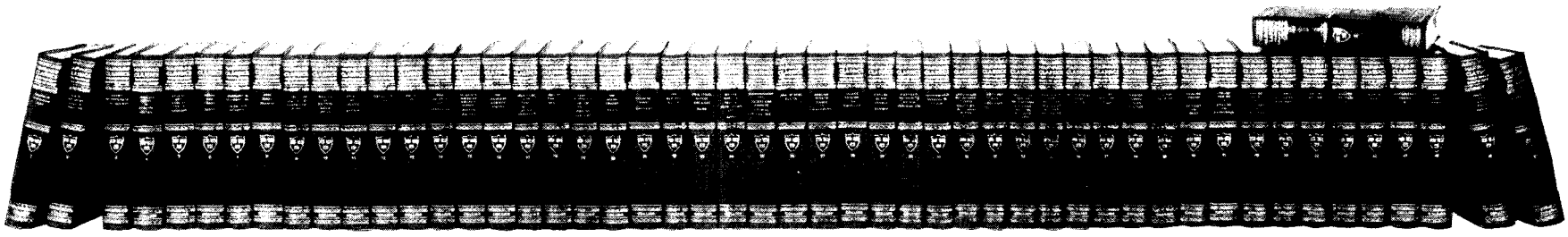
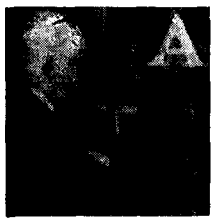


Now where can I find out about that?



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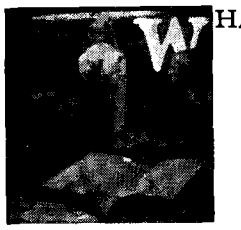

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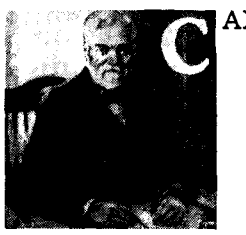

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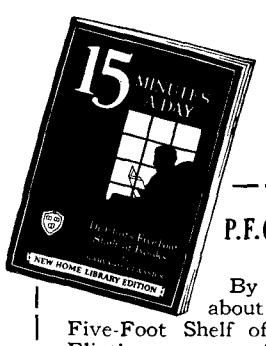

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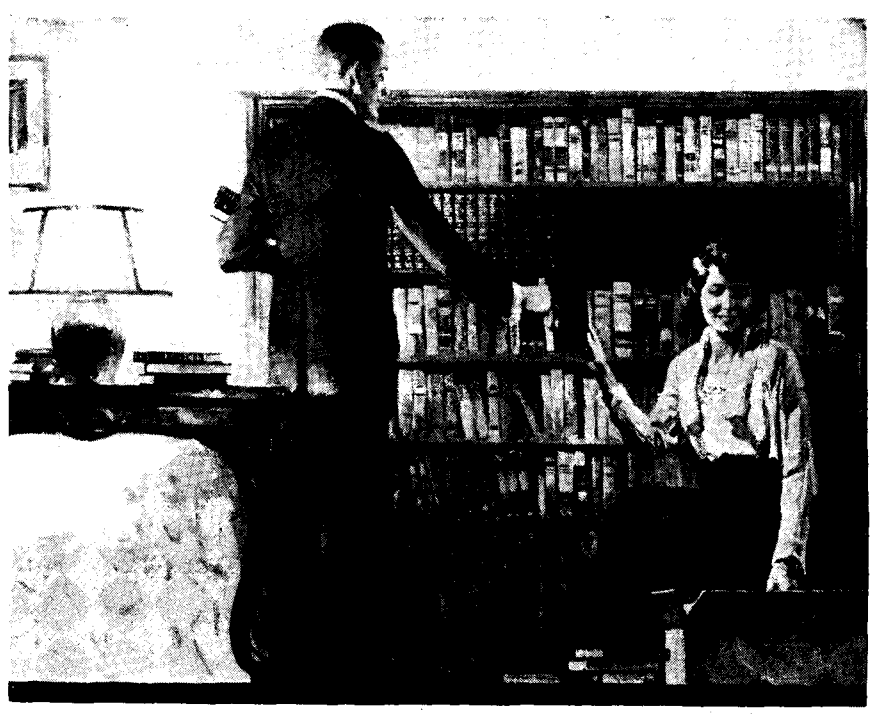

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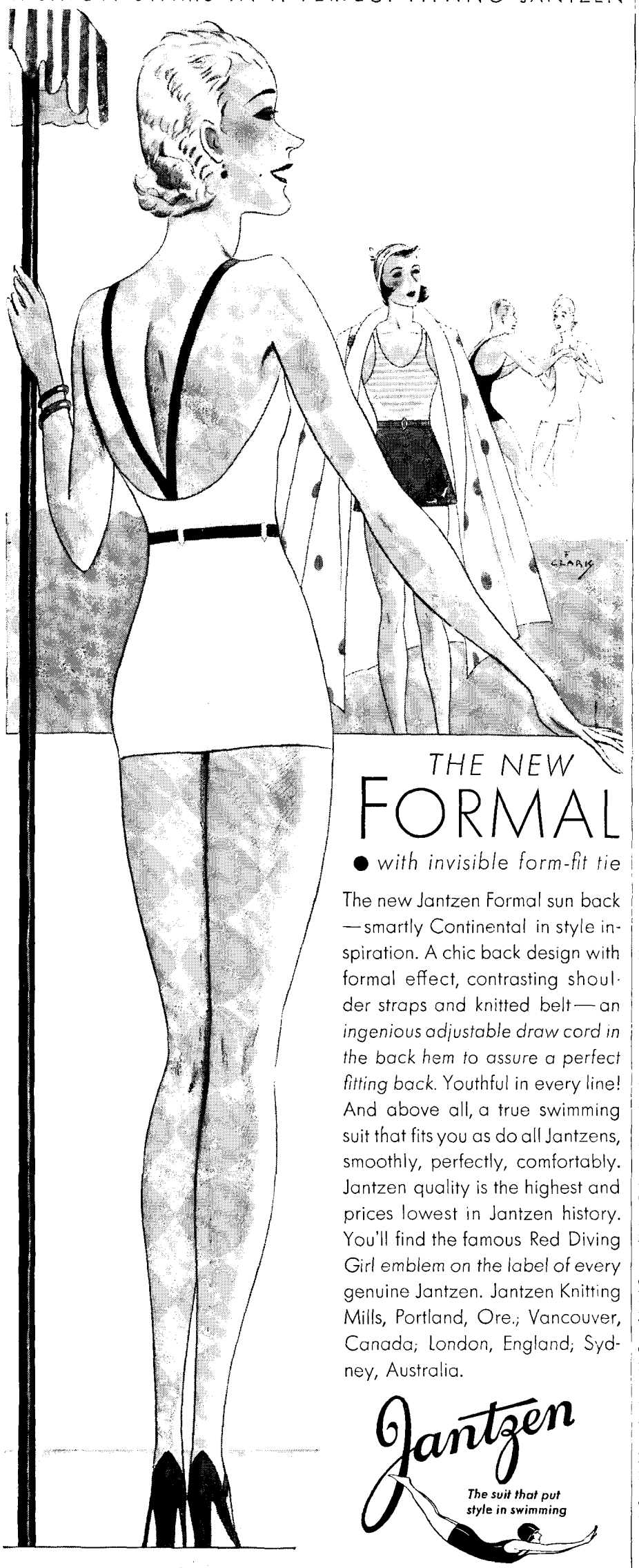
FASHION SWIMS IN A PERFECT-FITTING JANTZEN



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Name Address

The Tug Master

Continued from page 20

bothering with flags and preferred to scrawl conversation on a large blackboard.

Prideau, writing rapidly on his board, had this held up by two grinning sailors for the tug master to read: "Glad we found you! We know our position and have lots of sea room."

The tug master scowled at the jest about his being "found." Then he held up his board. On it in huge letters was: "You have no sea room. You are drifting to hell."

"What the devil!" Prideau exclaimed. "Does he think I don't go to the same church he does?"

The tug master wiped his board clean and finished his sentence, which his large writing had left him no room to do before: "I G O L A N D."

"Heligoland!" exclaimed Prideau. "Bet he began to spell it wrong on purpose! The Navy was wrong!"

For the tug master had told him that the Kenyon was drifting upon the island of Heligoland, which was a long way from the position given by the Rodney.

"Get ready for my line," added the tug master.

HE WAS going to drag the Kenyon into the port of Hull or know the reason why, as he told his engineer.

He eased the Wrestler closer to the barque and shouted down the wind:

"Spite hell and high water I'll pull your old hooker into Hull harbor—and have the laugh on ye that 'found' me," he shouted to Prideau.

"Here's hoping," retorted Prideau cheerfully. "I hired ye to do it!"

The tug master grinned in a friendly way. No use getting sore, although such weather and such luck would make an angel swear. He would lose money on the job, but the pride of work well done was worth more than money. He sniffed the wind, and he saw himself in fancy, glass in hand, sitting in the parlor of the old Ship Inn in Hull, telling to other tug masters the tale of how he dragged the Kenyon into port after losing her—after her rotten hawser had parted. The burden of his projected tale cheered him.

The Wrestler edged as close to the Kenyon as she dared. Prideau had hands standing by to clew up the main lower topsail as soon as the tug took hold. For as soon as she took hold she would head the barque directly into the wind—due west. A man stood on the cover of the paddle wheels and hove a line. It fell short despite the weight of the wind behind it. The tug edged a bit closer. It was dangerous work. If one of those tremendous seas threw her towards the Kenyon a collision would be imminent—both would, chances were, be sunk. The master held her cleverly to windward of the Kenyon's starboard anchor. Sailors of the Kenyon clung grimly to the cathead, over which every sea broke like a cataract. Again the line was thrown. For a moment it lay on a fluke of the anchor. A man dived for it, a shipmate gripping his legs. He got it! The tug steamed ahead, out of danger. The sailors of the Kenyon dragged in the heaving line, then the end of the tug's hawser which was attached to it. And once again the tug had the barque in tow.

As the Wrestler began to buck the seas with her heavy load, the snow came down again, bringing more wind with it.

"Worse weather coming, mister," growled Prideau to the second mate. "If they can make any worse!"

"So ends this day," the mate wrote when he entered up the log book.

That night saw the North Sea at its worst. It was about midnight when the engineer whistled up to the pilot house.

"Yes?" the master called down the tube.

"I have the pump going," said the engineer in a voice meant to be casual.

"Yes?"

"Must be quite a leak some place," added the engineer.

"Seams opening," muttered the master. Then aloud, down the tube, "I'll put her in dry dock in Hull!"

"Yes!" said the engineer.

An hour later the engineer whistled again.

"Water's gaining!" he said briefly.

"Yes," said the master.

A feeling that transcended worry came over him. What if he failed to get the Kenyon into Hull? Then he swore at himself. Had he not taken ships through weather as bad as this, time and time again? What the devil was the matter with him? Something wrong with his stomach?

But he could not hide from himself that if the water continued to gain, with the pump going full blast, the Wrestler might not live through the night. There was nothing he could do. It was up to the engineer and the pump. Came the sickening picture: what, if after all these years of never letting go of a tow—what if he had to cast off the Kenyon?

That was the picture he had refused to look at when he had blamed his stomach.

His mate came into the pilot house.

"I just come up from below, sir," said the mate. "It looks bad!"

"Yes?"

"She seems to be opening up fore and aft, sir!" went on the mate. "I got the two deck hands down there looking for leaks—but it's like trying to stop a shower bath with two fingers!"

"Bad as that, eh?"

"Yes, sir! And the hands don't feel very good about it!"

The master laughed shortly.

"For once the hands agrees with me, mister! I don't feel any too good about it, either! Keep the hands busy—best thing for 'em. Keep 'em occupied so they won't try to think! . . . I am going to tow the Kenyon into Hull!"

"Yes, sir!" said the mate.

HE LEFT the pilot house. The wind tore the door from his grip, but he fought the wind and shut the door.

Somewhat later the engineer whistled up the tube:

"Water is almost up to my bed plates!"

"You mean . . . ?" asked the master.

"Well, sir, you know what *that* means! And the way she is rolling, too! I'll hang on as long as I can, but unless we can stop the leak, and I don't see how we can, I'll have to draw my fires. Don't have to tell you what's liable to happen, do I?"

"No," answered the master. He hesitated a moment. Then, "Carry on best you know," he added.

Again he was alone at the wheel. He had the feeling of one who watches beside the bed of a dying friend, an old and very dear friend. It was no use hiding the truth from himself. And if the Wrestler went—there was the Kenyon tugging at the hawser astern. After all these years of pride—the thought stung him—he would have to cast off the hawser. He gripped the spokes of the wheel with a fierce intensity, as if

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with his will and strength he would stay the hand of Fate, snatch life from death. . . .

His pipe dropped unheeded from his lips. He heard the engineer whistling up the tube again. This would be the end of the world. Sure, it was the end. Death if the tug sank—and she would sink with the water gaining this way. . . . Death—that was nothing! At the end of his world, in the clutch of final disaster, the bitterness of death might well be ignored.

"Yes?" he called down the tube.

Before the engineer could answer, the pilot-house door was flung open. The two deck hands and the two stokers were there. They crowded into the pilot house. Discipline had left them. They shrieked a frantic chorus of demand. Cast off the tow! Cut the bloody hawser—anything. Get the boat out! Men in deadly fear, when reason leaves.

"Just a minute," the master called down the tube to the engineer. Then he turned upon the intruders. Like Samson's at the end, his strength, always great, came upon him. His fists worked like pistons. With boots and fists he drove the scared creatures from the pilot house, and locked the door.

"Yes?" he called down the tube.

"Got to draw my fires," said the game engineer. "Stokers has left me!"

"I just kicked 'em out of here! Go ahead," said the master.

A HAMMERING on the door of the pilot house. It was the mate, his face bloody, his knuckles bleeding.

"I tamed 'em," he growled. "Them stokers and deck hands! Got away from me the first time, they did—and come 'ere to you. . . . I had drove 'em away from the hawser—wanting to cast off, they was! They come back after you kicked 'em out of here. But I tamed 'em. I beat all hell out of them, and locked the four of 'em up in the lamp locker! Hear 'em yelling—like rats in a trap expecting to drown there!"

The old man laughed grimly.

"They talked about getting the boat over—that bit of a cockleshell—in this sea. Panicky! Not one of them knows how to handle a boat, and . . . they hadn't the sense to look, else they would have seen that a sea broke our boat hours ago—wouldn't no more float than a cracker box. . . . The old Wrestler won't sink all at once, not yet! The engineer has drawn his fires—she won't blow up. Pray to God and wait for day, mister—and keep that yelling cattle in the lamp locker where they can't do no harm! . . . Four of 'em on you all at once, eh?"

"Yes, sir, but I tamed 'em!"

"There's a bottle of whisky under my pillow in my bunk, mister," drawled the tug master.

He whistled down the tube to the engineer:

"How are you down there?"

"All right," replied the engineer. "Fires is drawn, water's up to me knees—might as well come up?"

"Come up," agreed the master. "Me and the mate is going to have a drop of what the Board of Trade and Act of Parliament calls 'Medical Comforts'!"

Presently the engineer reached the pilot house.

"You ain't cast off the hawser yet?" he asked as he took his drink.

"No! I'll leave that to Prideau! You see, my old Wrestler, at her end though she is, is like a sea anchor for him—keeping his head up to sea. He'll hang on this way till daylight, then he'll do what's best."

They waited there. Just before the gray, storm-swept day made the North Sea the more dreary and deadly by showing it, the mate slapped his hands across his chest for some minutes—thus warming them. Then he bent, on the halyards of the tiny gaff of the tug's one stumpy mast, the flags of the International Code: N. C.

Which, being interpreted, means: IN DISTRESS. NEED ASSISTANCE.

Captain Prideau, worn and weather-beaten, watched the day come. The Wrestler was just visible through the snow and smother. As the master of the tug had predicted, the captain of the Kenyon continued to hang onto the hawser, and the dying tug made a sea anchor for him.

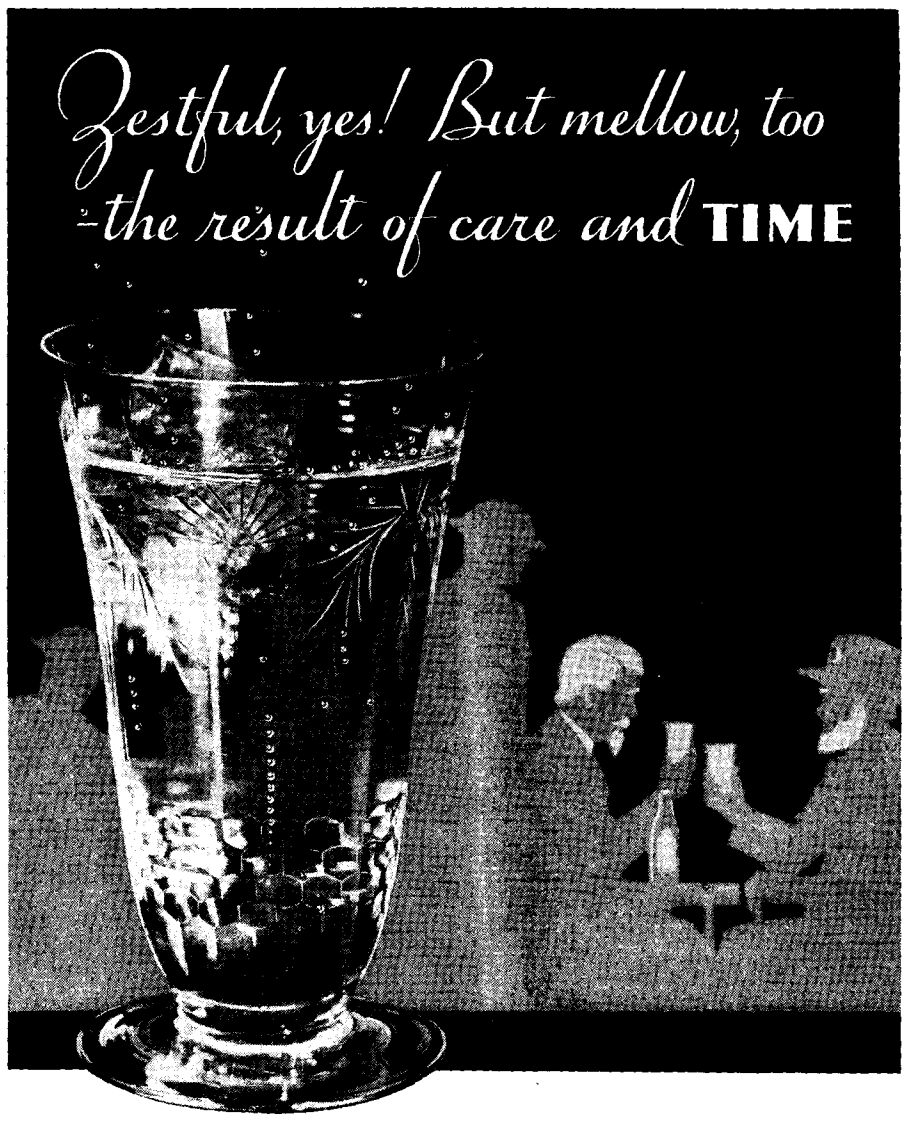
"He must be in fair shape, sir," said the mate. "He looks low in the water, but if he was sinking wouldn't he launch his boat and come on over to us?"

"You can't tell much about it," answered Prideau. "His boat may have been washed over the side. We'll see. It's getting light."

"Ah!" said the mate suddenly. "See, sir! N. C. at his gaff!"

(Continued on page 11)

"You cover the living-room" *Sydney Hoff*



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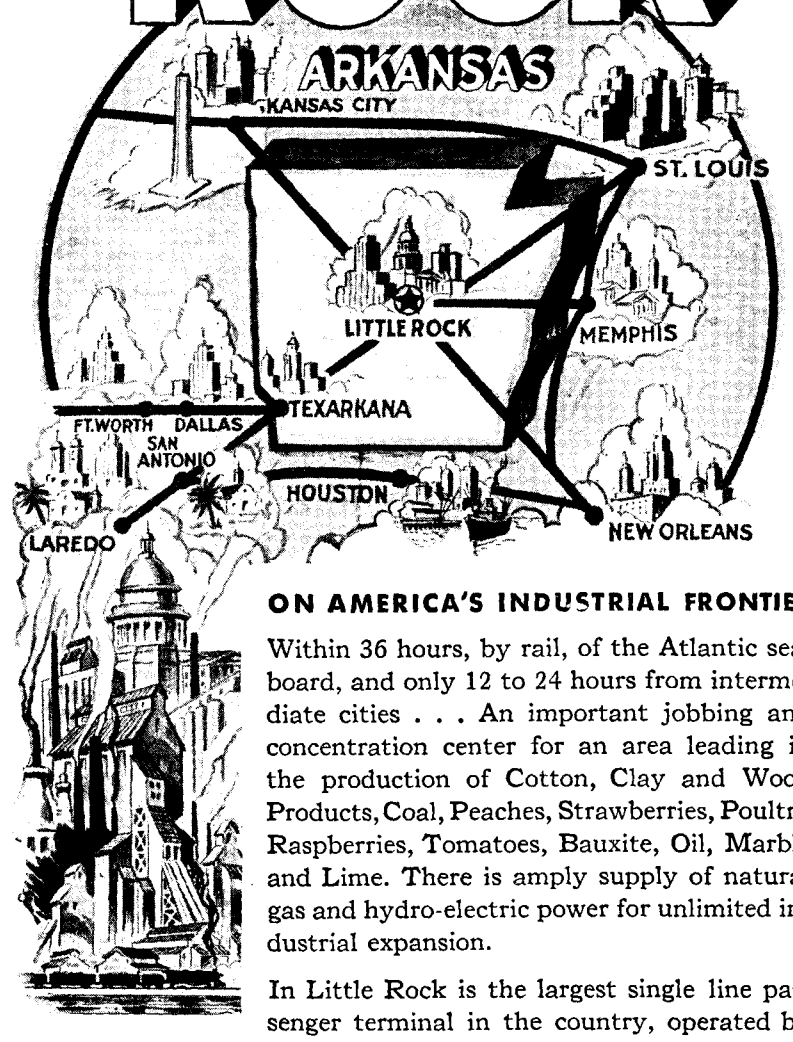

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(Continued from page 43)

"That means," said Prideau gravely, "that it's our job to get the people off the Wrestler—in this sea! Well, it's got to be done. The second mate will take our boat over, of course. Get all hands up here on the poop, mister. We'll have to make sail before we cut that hawser away."

"Mother of men," muttered the mate, as he set about obeying orders. "What a job!"

The light grew. Ahead of the laboring barque the tug wallowed deeply, settling deeper and deeper. Prideau considered the matter carefully. It was going to be very difficult seamanship. Some captains might tackle the job one way, some another. . . . He gave certain orders.

AND after half an hour or so of desperate effort the Kenyon was holding up under a full main lower topsail, and the boat was ready to launch. The weather cloth was in the mizzen rigging. Prideau shouted:

"Four men to volunteer to go with the second mate!"

Every man of the Kenyon's crew stepped forward.

Prideau nodded. "I expected this! Better pick the biggest, mister," he told the second mate.

The worn sailors, shivering in oilskins that no longer protected, began to argue among themselves as to which was the best man for the boat. They all wanted the honor of risking their lives to save the people of the Wrestler. Seven of them were palpably bigger than the rest, but the second mate could only use four. With rough diplomacy he picked his crew.

The mate looked at Prideau.

"About the hawser, sir?"

"There's them that might do different, mister," answered the old man, "but I figure we can get to windward of the tug, and give the second mate a better chance—and less distance. It's going to be touch and go for him. Has he a bag of oil ready to puncture in the bow of the boat?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then cast off the tug's hawser. We'll come to windward. The weight of the hawser will drag the tug to leeward. All ready with the boat?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Got a bag of oil on our forecastle head?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Let go the hawser!" shouted Prideau. "Mister" —to the second mate— "be careful. You have seven men to bring off. Don't forget that deck hands and stokers are not sailors—and act according. All ready?"

"All ready, sir," replied the second mate.

He grinned cheerfully. His was an honorable job. And he was not quite nineteen years of age.

For a moment Prideau hesitated to give the order. The odds were against the second mate's making it. He was little more than a boy. But it had to be done. And it was the second mate's job.

"Lower away the boat!"

The falls rattled through the blocks. The boat hit the water. Smart hands unhooked in an instant. . . . And there she was, rowing through a hell beyond the imagination of those who have never experienced it, towards the rapidly settling Wrestler.

The water came over the boat despite all skill. The second mate bailed as he steered.

A cross sea and a huge wave came together, exactly as if trying maliciously to nip the boat. The second mate clenched his teeth. He held the tiller with all his young strength. At his nod, and the bending forward of his body, his men understood. His voice lifted them. From somewhere they summoned, as men will, the extra strength to drive the boat over and through the enemy.

This happened many times.

Gallantly and cleverly her crew had overcome difficulty after difficulty, cross sea and wave—but the men were tiring. And it seemed that the sea was getting worse.

"Just a few yards more, men," sang out the second mate.

He wiped the salt out of his eyes with the back of his hand, then leaned forward and "banked" the stroke oar.

Around the tug's stern, heavily borne, and up to leeward of her swamping counter—here the danger grew upon the boat. And the great paddles of the tug waited like a hungry trap. Like menacing teeth, into which the sea threatened to dash the laboring boat.

"In bow oar!" roared the second mate.

He waved his hand to the old tug master. The tug master understood. He had rope fenders out to keep the boat from getting jammed under the tug's heavy guards. He threw a line to the second mate—a line to hold the boat from that danger of the water-washed paddles ahead. Again the second mate waved his hand. . . .

And the old tug master, looking like some viking of salty poetry, shouted with a face that laughed defiantly:

"Stokers and deck hands first!"

The Kenyon's men, hanging on for their lives, grinned in appreciation of this paraphrase of the chivalrous code of the sea.

"Jump light," yelled the second mate. "Jump light, or I'll knock your blocks off with the tiller!"

"Down on the bottom boards, for ballast," shouted the saving sailors. Which was the proper seamanship for handling men in an open boat. The engineer and the mate were taken in with respect. They knew how to act. The last, the old tug master, who was a heavy man, sent the boat down by the stern—until the sailors "shifted ballast" accordingly. There were, of course, no heroics. It was all in the day's work.

THEY pushed off. The tug gave a heavy roll—one of those unnatural, sickening rolls which tight ships never make.

"Pull! Pull!" shouted the second mate. "She's going down! Pull like hell! Get away from her!"

They gave way, putting all they had into the oars. Somewhat like a strange insect—so small seemed the boat among those mighty seas—they weaved a weary way towards the Kenyon.

Fifty yards, and the old Wrestler gave another dying roll. Then she sank silently, like a tired thing settling to sleep, and glad to do so. The second mate and his sailors instinctively glanced at the tug master. Then they averted their eyes, as men do when they see a fellow man at his wife's funeral.

"Pull, men," growled the second mate. "I haven't had any breakfast—and you look hungry, too!"

They came within the oil-smeared sea of the Kenyon's scattering. And the rest was a matter of detail.

Prideau took the old tug master to his cabin.

"The steward's frying ham," he said. "But first, line your 'tween-decks with this!"

The tug master handled his glass of whisky. Prideau had avoided all reference to the loss of the Wrestler. Their eyes held. The tug master spoke.

"Better the Wrestler than the Kenyon," he said gruffly.

"What?" ejaculated Prideau.

"Wrestler was insured! Kenyon ain't! Here's how!" said the tug master.

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States Righted

Continued from page 11

actual balloting. Naturally he was elected.

Now, inasmuch as Harry Flood Byrd went farther than Mr. Russell has, owing to an earlier start, a somewhat broader program and different conditions, we shall return to the Virginia triumph.

The sum and substance of it is that Virginia has ceased to be a debtor state; has executed a smart about-face and has, since 1929, survived each fiscal year with a surplus.

Virginia Comes Out of the Red

At the same time she has reduced real estate taxes, increased school appropriations by more than a million dollars, added fifty-two hundred miles of paved roads to her highway system—eight thousand miles in all—rewritten her ancient and sacred constitution to make it fit modern life and (Congress please note) condensed eighty-five widely assorted agencies of government into twelve compact departments, saving in expenditures alone nearly a million dollars and achieving an increase of nobody knows how much in efficiency. And lest it be thought that this was done arbitrarily, by the hand of a ruthless dictator, every move made by Byrd in this hard-boiled program had the assent of the voters to whom it was all submitted in referendum. And to cap all this, not one bond was sold nor one new tax imposed and not an old tax increased. On the contrary, at Byrd's insistence the people were asked to vote on a constitutional amendment which stipulated that the state of Virginia might not at any time float a bond issue without the direct majority vote of the people.

In Georgia, where Russell has been governor only since 1930, there has not been time to accomplish anything quite so ambitious. The term of the governor in Virginia is four years, in Georgia two. Russell will not have served even two years, being a vigorous opponent of the lame-duck system. In Georgia the governor is elected in November but, due to custom dating from the seventies, he does not take office until the following June. Russell, who may not by law succeed himself, insists that he quit office immediately after his successor is elected so that the people may have the immediate benefit of their choice. All he hopes to do is to promote the candidacy of a man who will carry out what he has started (like Byrd) and it is hardly probable that Georgia will deny him that right.

Russell had scarcely been elected when he began cutting down the expenses of government to fit its purse. He prevailed upon a none-too-enthusiastic legislature to reduce one hundred and two departments, bureaus, commissions and boards of government to seventeen and exacted a promise to lop off a few more. Thus a million dollars or so was saved and the state government, having dropped several tons of excess weight, began to function on its own feet for the first time in fifty years or so, like a man who has reduced from three hundred pounds to human proportions.

Perhaps Russell's most notable achievement in this one attack upon Georgia's moth-eaten governmental trappings was the telescoping of the twenty-five boards of regents that conducted the affairs of the state university system in a manner that no organization could possibly survive. In one blunt, cold note he concentrated all these far-flung boards into a single body of eleven.

The groundwork for all these innovations and renovations in both states was a reorganization and segregation of that most complicated, variegated and generally incomprehensible subject—taxation. We shall not go into it at any great length—for my sake and yours. But, broadly, the Byrd procedure adopted by Russell does not baffle the most innocent of mentalities. First of all, Byrd revised the tax and revenue statutes of the tremendous Tax Code of Virginia, reducing the actual number of laws by fifty per cent. He then segregated the state's taxes. In other words, he designated what should be levied upon by the state and what might be taxed by the counties and cities.

The distinguishing feature of the Byrd plan, as compared with other state systems, is the exclusive taxation of real estate and tangible personal property by political subdivisions of the state, and the exclusive taxation of intangible personal property by the state. Thus, in Virginia, no class of property is subject to more than one tax.

This did more than simplify the tax law; it made taxes collectible. Now that a citizen was assured that he was not going to be taxed, retaxed and taxed again on the same item, he knew what to expect. He paid, knowing that was that.

Since Byrd's tax plan went into effect in 1927 there has been an annual net reduction in taxes on land and tangible personal property of a little more than a million and a half. Moreover, by the simple fact that taxes are now collectible because the taxpayer is guaranteed against two or more taxes on the same property, in two years a deficit of $1,358,000 in the state treasury was converted into a surplus of $2,596,000.

Simple Roads to Economy

Hand in hand with this tax clarification came the road plan. Byrd put it up to the people who, it is pleasant to record, accepted it, disregarding their local bosses who went about protesting that home rule was being done to death. The people either didn't believe them or were weary of that sort of home rule. The governor's idea was simple and economical. Under it the state took over all road building and maintenance, imposing taxes therefor on gasoline and commercial motor vehicles as well as licensing drivers and cars. The state agreed to buy from the counties all the road building and mending apparatus, selling some of it and keeping all that it retained busy by making one machine cover several counties.

All of this might have been utterly futile had it not been followed, in the reorganization of the administration of the state government, by a new accounting system for state funds. When Byrd took office state revenues were collected by no fewer than forty-eight agencies, many of which also disbursed goodly shares of what they had collected, reporting on these disbursements when it was convenient. The state treasurer was never sure how much had been collected in the name of the state. No one was ever quite certain what became of all of it. Byrd changed that.

Now all revenues due to the state are paid directly into the state treasurer's office without deductions of any sort. All disbursements are made by the state treasurer on the warrant of the state comptroller. The result—or one of the most gratifying results—is that substantial collections of interest are now

(Continued on page 46)

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Kept fresh in Cellophane

(Continued from page 45)

realized on daily balances. To be exact, since the new system went into effect, these collections of interest on state funds have increased about $200,000 annually. In other words, under the old system, the state was losing $200,000 a year on an income which was theoretically larger, although actually no greater, because so many taxes were not collectible.

Not to lose sight of young Governor Russell in Georgia, his proposals to the legislature followed precisely these lines. Moreover, he was quick to establish a central purchasing agency, thereby abolishing a score of independent buyers all of whom had their own methods, their own preferences and their own estimates of what was required. Russell, taking his cue from Virginia, contributed largely to the state treasury by the development of a central purchasing agency which not only bought more wisely and in a broader market but took advantage of the discounts that concentrated purchasing made available.

Maine Breaks Even

There will be protests that too much praise is here heaped upon Messrs. Byrd and Russell; that other states have undergone the reorganization process—fifteen of them, beginning with Illinois. But the fact remains that Virginia and Georgia are the latest, with the possible exception of Maine; and the reply must ask what came of those other efforts at reorganization and what the attempts accomplished. Illinois was headed right under Governor Frank Lowden, for example, but his successors lacked his zeal. At any rate they did not further his program and save Illinois, and particularly Cook County, from its current doldrums.

With a less complicated problem than Byrd's and Russell's, William Tudor Gardiner, governor of Maine, has forced his state to return to those principles of Yankee frugality that should have saved it from the threats of bankruptcy that menaced it in 1929 and 1930. Maine has no income tax law. Her sources of revenue are relatively few. And yet, under the incessant urging of Governor Gardiner, she has revised her governmental machinery to meet her income and will, at the expiration of the current fiscal year, find to her complete gratification that she has broken even and is well on the way to a treasury surplus.

The government of Maine was always simpler than Virginia's or Georgia's. Less frippery and professional statesmanship to defeat progress. For example, she didn't need a new road program; the state itself has administered the public highway system for twenty years and has done it reasonably well and economically. But Gardiner did find that it was costing Maine, with a population of only 800,000, thirty million dollars a year to conduct her public affairs. Meaning thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents a year for every man, woman and child of all classes and estates. After a bit of calculation it was discovered that a cost far out of proportion to value received was being exacted from a relative few—the relatively few tax-producers who supported the state.

Whereat Gardiner, failing to find the money for research available in his own state, asked for and received it from the Spelman Fund of the Rockefeller Foundation and therewith hired accountants from outside the state to make a survey of the economy possibilities. The attitude of a large number of Maine's professional politicians was not notable for its warmth.

With the accountants' report before him, Governor Gardiner wrote his message to the legislature, converting it immediately into a reorganization bill—a new administration code. At least two of Maine's former governors organized the opposition, regarding it as a reflection upon their own conduct in office—which of course it was not. They had merely failed to see the necessity. Or hadn't thought of it. In the meantime Gardiner was making speeches every night and telling Maine citizens that they were not only paying too much for government but that it was entirely unnecessary and that unless they backed him in the reorganization the budget would be larger next year and next and next and next. And that won them.

The legislature passed the bill, but the opposition wasn't satisfied. They insisted (nobody knows exactly why) upon a popular referendum. The people approved the reorganization by a majority so definite that the elder statesmen retired. And, properly enough, the backing of the bill was entirely bipartisan. For once Maine's minority of Democrats were agreeing with the Republicans.

The bill went into effect on January first, this year. Immediately forty-five independent spending agencies, which formerly had disbursed Maine's income with astonishing disregard for one another, were combined into one central office. The immediate result was a saving of ten per cent with more to come. It is not at all impossible that this innovation in Maine will save twenty per cent next year.

It was a neat job and Maine is enjoying it. It lends hope. In national politics, in presidential years, they used to say of Maine:

"As Maine goes, so goes the Union."

A grand time, this, to prove it.

Efficiency That Began at Home

As we mentioned at the outset of this article, Harry Flood Byrd learned something of this quite early in life. It was at noon one day in 1903 that his father came home to dinner with all distress signals flying. The incident must necessarily have its place in any account of what Byrd has accomplished. Father Byrd's newspaper—the Winchester Star—was done for. It owed a paper mill in Hagerstown, Maryland, two thousand dollars and its credit had reached the breaking point. The paper manufacturers wanted their money at once. If it was not forthcoming there would be no more paper for the Star.

In addition to attending the local public school, Harry Byrd was working for the local telephone company. There wasn't much money attached to the job but it rated a gaudy title—assistant manager. There were only two switchboard operators, one by day and one by night.

When the lad's father had finished his recital of defeat Harry asked when the paper was due to suspend.

"Today," said his father.

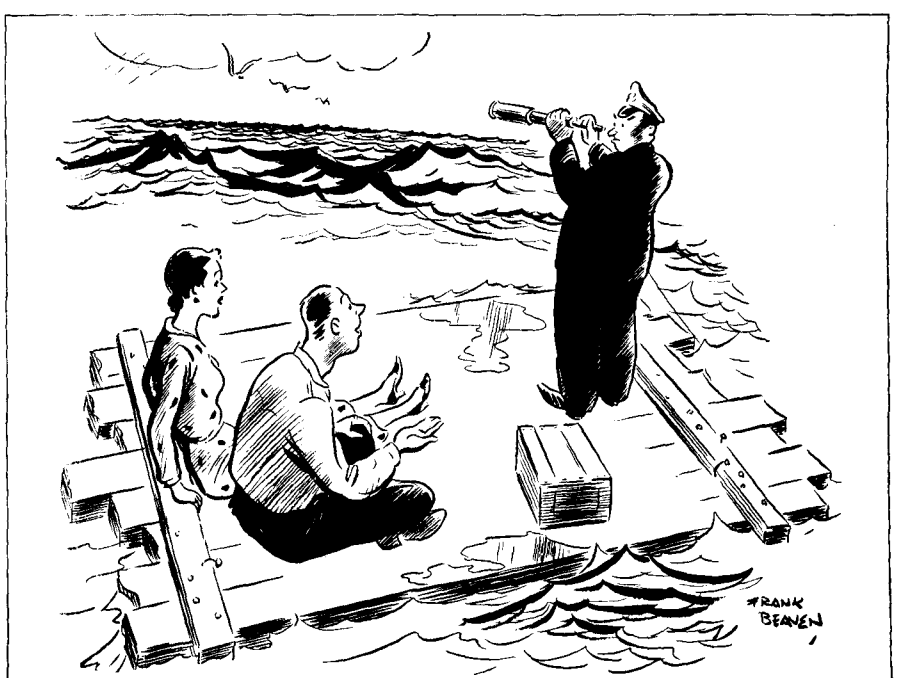
"Well, get out today's issue and let me try to find paper for tomorrow," suggested the boy.

The Big Business Youth

That afternoon Harry Byrd went to Hagerstown. You can locate men there today who will tell you about it. He addressed himself to the management of the paper mill with such passion and frankness that they agreed to his proposal that they should send him so much paper each morning C. O. D. and give him a year or so to liquidate his father's indebtedness. He had then the persuasiveness that has been so valuable an asset to him in politics. He induced subscribers to the Star to pay for new subscriptions in advance. He collected from advertisers who had been more or less lackadaisical in their remittances. He dared to raise the advertising rates. He secured new advertising. And he was fourteen years old—believe it or not.

But he met the train every morning, got the paper and paid for it. Within a year he had paid the $2,000 to the paper manufacturers and had the Star on a firm foundation. And just to demonstrate his liking for the job, he established another newspaper, the Harrisonburg News Record. He still owns them, although his principal business is raising apples. He is the largest independent apple orchardist in the world. He owns twenty-one orchards in which there are 175,000 apple-bearing trees.

But, to get back on the main track, a curious reaction by state officials elsewhere to the Virginia, Georgia and Maine repudiation of the old régime was forthcoming. Newspapers that had been skeptical of the feasibility of the Byrd plan began suddenly to realize that it had worked, that the government of Virginia had been rejuvenated, that its citizens had not been required to pay more taxes, that it had abolished its deficit and substituted a credit balance. Whereat they began asking their own governments to try what was no longer an experiment—or to state clearly why they wouldn't.



"What will you charge to marry us, Captain?" *Frank Beaven*

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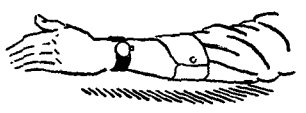
HOW TO BUY A SHIRT

If you're fed up with buying your shirts a size too big, so they may shrink to fit you (but usually shrink to choke you) . . .

Or if you think some shirt-makers deliberately put something in the collars to make them curl up like a pair of tusks . . .

Or if you've suffered the embarrassment of collars that spread like a maiden's blush . . . .



Or had the maddening experience of sleeves shrinking until they resembled those of a polo shirt . . . .

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State after state, making no effort to unload deadwood, was doubling income taxes, levying upon business already smothered by taxes, imposing imposts upon things that had never before been regarded as taxable and which could not possibly produce enough tangible or intangible profit to the possessors to warrant paying taxes on them.

Naturally when the newspapers put it all up to other governors there was lots of scurrying for diplomatic words, phrases and allusions. In general their replies were remarkably similar. In Virginia and Georgia, said they, Byrd and Russell had but one party to deal with. It was quite simple, they went on, to enact reforms and sweep out the cobwebs where there was no political opposition.

Which was not only a trifle absurd, but failed to explain why one-party states like Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, the Carolinas, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Michigan—to mention just a few—have not adopted nor adapted the Byrd Plan. Perhaps (although neither was this included in the replies), these suffering states lacked the excellence of leadership that Maine, Virginia and Georgia enjoy. Or a leadership as unselfish. Have it as you like.

For contrast now, look to Colorado. That's a state—or, rather, there is a people—that did not wait for a political leader to haul it out of the mire. As far as business is concerned, Colorado is in a better condition than Virginia. To be sure, Colorado's industrial problem is less complicated, the state depending for its income more on the land than the factory, and its land produces crops not quite so readily affected by speculation.

But the truth about Colorado is to be found in the spirit of its business men rather than in any natural phenomena or political awakening. The results may be epitomized in the statement that in 1931 Colorado's contribution to the Federal income tax was 27 per cent greater than it had been in 1930. Only one other state, Virginia, showed an increase—three per cent.

What happened involved no miracle. Late in 1928 and early in 1929, a group of experienced business men in Colorado caught the idea that the boom days were not going to last much longer.

Colorado Anticipates Trouble

Without appealing to the state government or looking to Washington for advice or leadership, they formed the Colorado Association, whose motto, creed, standards, by-laws and convictions may be summarized in the ancient truth that God helps those who help themselves. One gathers from the preparations made by the new association against the impending avalanche that its founders were convinced that the time was about to arrive when Heaven was going to be occupied with the whole world's prayers and that Colorado, a relatively small unit of the universe, would do well not to stand around and wait for succor from on high.

The Colorado Association was born, then, in April of 1929. Just in time, too. It has some of the fundamentals of a state chamber of commerce although none of the ritualistic conservatisms.

It cherished an ideal of state unity that compelled its membership to think, plan and work outside their own factories and offices. It decided that no matter how prosperous Denver, the state's largest city, might feel, her health was not trustworthy if there was trouble in Grand Junction, Lamar or Boulder. In other words, there was but one place to work for—Colorado.

The plan of the Association was to employ the best available commercial, financial, agricultural and manufacturing diagnosticians, keep them continually harnessed and ready to go to that section of the state where industry lagged either from physical or spiritual disorder and there apply their minds and imbue every business and business man in the state with the theory that nothing that has a fragment of life within it is defeated. And then advertise, advertise, advertise. In other words, sell Colorado, not only to the world, but to Colorado. Seven thousand Colorado industries signed up.

C. K. Boettcher, director of the Great Western Sugar Company, of the United States Portland Cement Company, chairman of the board of the Denver National Bank (to mention just a few of his interests), is chairman of the executive board of the Association. Annually he has contributed $25,000 to its treasury. Spencer Penrose of Colorado Springs and A. E. Carlton of Cripple Creek—both enormously wealthy men—contributed $15,000. John Evans, banker, John Morey, merchant, C. C. Gates, manufacturer, and Wilbur F. Denious, lawyer—all of them leaders in the life of Colorado—led their particular callings in the grand rodeo.

An Effort That Couldn't Fail

Not only commerce united under the Association's egis but every newspaper and other agency of local publicity enlisted, and every orator—religious and political—lent his trained larynx.

Now, lest I give you the impression that depression is not felt in Colorado and that the industries of the state are booming, I hasten to deny that any such result has been accomplished. But Colorado is commercially healthy. She has always been, to a large extent, a home-consumption state. She is now the more so because it was an important part of the Association's program that where outside markets dwindled home consumption should be enlarged. And it was.

As a happy result of the activities of the Association, the United States Department of Labor's report shows the percentage of unemployment in Colorado is less than in any other state. Something of the edge might be taken off this when one considers that Colorado's population is only 1,036,000. But it does show that Colorado is taking care of her own. Moreover Colorado has, in the past three years, moved into that select group of states where the average wage is highest. That group comprises Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas and Wyoming and the annual wage of the worker in these states is $190 above the United States average. To add to the potency of that condition the survey shows that the cost of living has been reduced in Colorado until the state now joins Nebraska, Kansas and Wyoming in being the least expensive states to live in.

To sum up the effects of the Colorado Association's work it is indicated that before 1929 Colorado practically stood still in the era of great national prosperity. During the several years before the world's business decline, Colorado's tourist season showed losses rather than gains. Her farms and her factories, her mines and her ranches were far down the line in the official ratings of the United States Department of Commerce.

Now look at her.

Perhaps one should point to the moral of all this—of Byrd's work in Virginia, of Russell's plans for Georgia and of the Colorado Association's salvage of that state. But it would be setting down the obvious. It must already have burst upon you. But it proves to forty and more floundering states and to the Federal government, no less, that:

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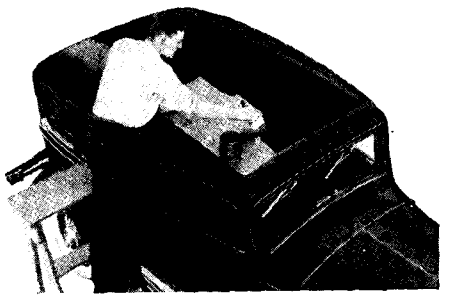

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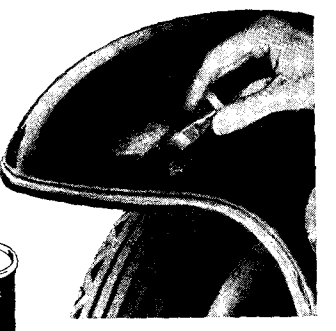

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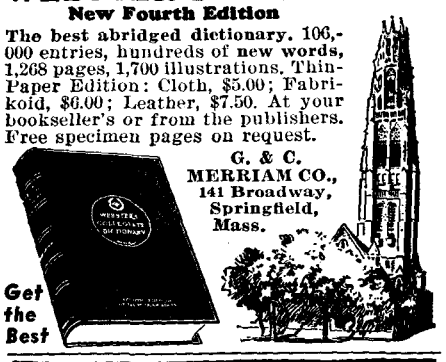

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The Perils of Paris

Continued from page 15

she said slowly, "I can't help thinking you're rather a dear, Teddie. . . ."

This girl, he knew then, was wonderful. He could not think how he had missed it before. His heart was playing a strange wrestling game with his tonsils but he concealed it huskily: "Gloria, I want to tell you—"

"Let's dance, Teddie."

Pushing to his feet, he jumped to take the cloak from her shoulders and drape it over the back of the chair. It was as Gloria rose that it happened. A faint jerk temporarily checked her progress upwards, and as she moved out gracefully towards the dance floor a coolness about the knees drew her attention to the lower half of her gown lying coiled on the carpet round her ankles.

"O-oh!" she gasped, and, jumping back for her chair, thrust her legs under cover of the table.

Teddie sought her flaming eyes pleadingly. "It was that tailpiece," he croaked. "My foot—"

"Oh, what am I going to do now? *What am I going to do?"* Tugging at the tablecloth, she drew it closer round her. "Why don't you do something?"

He handed her the cloak—a waist-length garment in silver brocade, and she flung it aside. The incident had not escaped the crowd, nor the staff of waiters. Teddie picked up the coil from the carpet and pocketed it. Beyond that he could not think what to do. Finally they switched off the lights for a moment while Gloria made a dash for the dressing-room, flitting like a ghost in a trailing tablecloth.

When she joined him in the foyer of the night club, a look gleamed in her eye that sent shivers down his spine.

"Oh! how I loathe you!" she said. "If you try to speak one word to me while you're driving me home I'll—I'll scream."

AUNT EDITH SHIRLEY beckoned him in as he paced the lawns next morning. From the look on her face it seemed something had happened. It had. Mrs. Grosvenor was due to arrive tomorrow, and this morning Gloria had been putting through long-distance telephone calls to Bordeaux.

"You mean—this French ace?" demanded Teddie, knuckles tightening.

"Larousse," admitted Aunt Edith with a shake of the head. "I understand he is married already."

"Then, you think she's heard about her mother arriving, and is—"

"I do hope nothing happens like that. . . ."

A strange yearning for action had come over Teddie. He knew now that this girl was the only thing that mattered in the world for him. He called up the exchange and learned that for a week there had been daily calls to Bordeaux. It was as he thumped down the receiver that he noticed someone behind him. Gloria.

"After that," he heard her saying, "I'm ready to believe anything of you."

He avoided her eye. "Never mind all that," he said. "There's one thing you have to understand. This Larousse business is off!"

The color flamed in her cheeks. "Oh? And all the time you've been spying on me—behind my back."

It gave him a queer pain to look at her. "That's not true. But it doesn't alter facts. You're not of age. You've got to stay in this house until your mother arrives tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" She was biting her lip. "Oh, how I'd love to—to hit you!"

"Go ahead if it helps."

"What business is it of yours? What has Armand got to do with you? He's a man, anyway. Not a half-baked chimpanzee!" Her voice was rising. "When I think of all you've done to me—"

"I'm sorry about that, Gloria."

"Don't speak to me! Don't come near me! I hate you. You spy! If I want to leave this house, you try and stop me! There are more ways of getting out than through the front door. Try and stop me! Just you ter-try. . . ."

Incredibly she burst into tears, and the way she crumpled up tugged at his heart. "Gloria," he appealed huskily and, moving closer, laid a hand on her shoulder.

Swinging round, she jerked his arm aside, and before he realized it he found himself alone, having had a smack on the cheek that echoed down the hall.

WHEN Teddie retired to his bedroom that night at 1:30 A. M., he did not undress. He had a plan. Beside him as he sat and waited in the darkness were his raincoat and a flashlight. If there were more ways than through the door of getting out of a house, he was going to watch the windows. With Mrs. Grosvenor arriving next day there was going to be no last-hour elopement.

When the butler handed him the keys of the house last thing before everyone went to bed, Teddie had made a tour of the grounds. Apart from the fact that he himself fell over the end of a ladder, slanting up over the porch, all had been at peace. At two o'clock he let himself out of the kitchens for a second inspection. The ladder he had fallen over had been moved.

A grim smile twisted his lip when he found the ladder against the sill of Gloria's bedroom window. In the act of carrying it away again he stopped short. . . . Someone had come along to move the ladder, for the girl had not left her room! Larousse—on the job. Slanting the ladder noiselessly back against the sill he mounted the rungs. The thought of Larousse ahead filled him with a strange satisfaction. When he reached the sill he threw a leg over and dropped with a thud into the room.

As he scrambled to his feet a light switched on, and, blinking, he saw a man by the bed with the girl in his arms. In two strides Teddie reached them. Tearing the man away, he hit him like a steam hammer under the chin. Taking to the carpet in a heap, the man stayed there. A peculiar expression on the girl's face caught his eye as he rubbed gingerly at his knuckles. It seemed Gloria was tugging at a scarf or something wrapped round her chin. A scream broke through that scarf.

"There's another—quick!" she cried.

Jumping round, Teddie was just in time to sidestep a swing from a man with a short crowbar. This second eloper he hit twice, once with the left to the wind, and again with the right as he crumpled.

When he turned from investigating the victims he found Gloria on her feet, lips tight-drawn, eyes blazing.

"Oh, Teddie!" she cried. "I think you were marvelous!"

The night before, Teddie had spent in dreaming of words like that. He blinked. "You—*think* I am marvelous?"

Stepping closer she placed a soft hand on his forearm.

"When I woke up to find that horrid man trying to gag me with that scarf I—I thought I was going to die. Then you jumped in and hit the brute. . . . Oh, Teddie!"

"Brute?" He gulped. "Those men—brutes?"

Her other hand was playing with a button on the front of his coat. "I'm terrified of burglars. . . ."

"Burglars!" For a confused moment he sorted things out. Then, jumping back to the men, he found two automatics which he slipped into his pockets. Throwing the ladder back, he shut the window.

A shuffling in the passage outside made itself heard. Came a knocking on the door. "Are you all right, Miss?" someone asked.

"It's all right!" he answered for her. "I'll unlock the door in a minute." He found the girl's hand in his. There was something about this business that made him want to have it all clear. "You're not eloping with—this Larousse?"

"Do I look as if I were eloping?" she demanded with a flash of the old spirit. "Don't be such an idiot, Teddie. I think you were—just grand!"

"Then, Larousse—?"

He felt her stiffen. "I hate him! Don't mention him to me again. In Switzerland he promised to take me to Brazil, but when I got to Paris— Oh! Oh!"

"Oh, what?"

"He kept putting me off. I telephoned and telephoned. In the end he wouldn't answer. Then—then, this morning, just before I caught you calling the exchange, his wife answered. . . . And she called me a stage-struck skuck-schoolgug-girl. . . ."

Gloria was crying now into the front of his raincoat, and to hide her face it appeared she had to cling tightly round his neck. "But why did—"

"I was dying to fly across the— Oh, why do you keep asking me questions? I thought I was in love with him. Until—until I met you in the train."

"Until you met *me?*"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Why won't you let me be nice to you? I've been in love with you from the first."

Drawing a leg back from the *ensemble*, Teddie kicked himself sharply. There was no dream stuff here. "Why, Gloria!" he breathed.

"Teddie!" Finding his lips, she kissed him.

"Is there anything wrong?" demanded a male voice from outside.

"No!" Teddie yelled. "Burglars—but it's all over now. I'm unlocking the door."

DRAWING her closer, he swallowed. "Then," he whispered into the back of her neck, "you mean—?"

Muffled by the raincoat, a thin little voice took him up: "From the beginning I wanted you to let me be nice to you, and all you did was to throw bread at me, and tear the clothes off my back, and— Oh, how I loathed you!"

"You smacked my face," he reminded, stroking the back of her head. "And called me a chimpanzee."

"And what if I did? If you think you can do all the things—"

"I know. I know," he put in quickly. "If I don't open that door they'll break it down." Halfway to the door he turned back. "Gloria—"

"Darling?"

"Promise me one thing."

Drawing his head down by the ears she kissed him. "I promise—everything from now on."

"If you have been in love with me from the start—"

"Yes, darling?"

"Promise me," he begged, "that you'll hate me a whole lot in future."

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What happened to Philip Hope

Continued from page 9

winning against the man who has everything."

"Yes," he said, "it would be the romantic thing. I'm sorry I shall have to prevent it."

They were silent until the cab stopped in front of her apartment. "I've been finding out something about your game," he said. "The newspaper game."

"Don't tell me you've read a book," Mary Lee said.

He grinned. "Yes," he said, "I've read my first book. And when do I see you again?"

"Oh," she said, "when you've beaten young George Smith you can come around and crow."

THE first rounds of the national championships were easy. He went through the first four days without losing a set.

He dressed the afternoon of the finals—the afternoon he was to play young George Smith for the championship—without any excitement at all. Joe Mulley stood over him while he put on his shoes.

"You've got to give him the works in the first set," Joe said.

Philip nodded. He wondered if Mary Lee would be impressed with his buying a paper out West—a paper fifteen hundred miles from New York. The only thing to do was to convince her that he was serious; that he was not merely willing but eager to go out there and stay.

"You run him," Joe Mulley said. "You take your service and when he serves you make him run. That's all there is to it."

"Yes, Joe," Philip said.

Mary Lee had promised she'd go to dinner with him that night. The thing to do was to offer her a job. If she took it they'd see a lot of each other and anything could happen.

He walked out with Joe Mulley. He met young George Smith in the marquee. He stood beside young George Smith waiting for the moment to go down the steps to the court. Something made him turn his head. He turned his head and looked at the press table and saw Mary Lee sitting beside a telegraph operator.

Young George Smith won the toss and chose to serve. But Philip took the first set 12-10.

Philip looked up at the press box as they changed courts. Mary Lee was leaning forward intently.

"Here goes," he said to himself.

He went hard and fast. But young George Smith had learned a lot. He took the second set at 8-6. He took the third set at 6-4.

Philip went out that fourth set and gave everything he had. He ran young George Smith from corner to corner and pulled him in close and passed him clean—with the backhand down the side line. He took the fourth set at 6-4.

They had one more set to go. Phil glanced up at the press table. He couldn't see Mary Lee. Some fat tennis expert was in the way. Philip felt tired. But he saw that young George Smith was gray under his tan. He was tired, too.

Philip took his service. They alternated service. They alternated service until the score stood 9-9. It was still anybody's match. But it was young George Smith's turn to serve. He was bound to take his service. He served deep and fast and ran in to cut off the return.

With a desperate sidewise leap he caught Philip's first return and killed it. Philip put the next one neatly over his head as he came in. Young George Smith retaliated with a service ace. Philip steadied himself behind his baseline. He was finished. But he had to go on. He had to win.

Young George served fiercely down the same groove. Philip connected, hard. The ball went for the far corner. The ball was six inches out. Young George served again. Philip popped it up—a lob to mid-court. Young George killed it with one ferocious smash. The score stood 9-10.

Philip began his service coolly. He had to win his service and two more games after that to take the match. He served what should have been an ace and young George got his racket on it and the ball went aloft and landed on the net cord and fell into Philip's court. He served again and ran in. Young George replied with a backhand shot down the side lines that nobody could have touched.

Philip served again. Young George hit the ball with everything he had and ticked the backhand corner.

"Match point," Philip thought, as he poised himself to serve again. He looked up at the marquee. He could see Mary Lee's face in profile as she leaned forward. He served a fault.

He had to be careful now. He had to put that second ball in. If he didn't he lost the match. He served.

Young George took the ball on his backhand and leaned on it. The ball cleared the net by half an inch, coming like a bullet. Philip hit it into the net.

He ran forward to congratulate young George.

"I told you I'd take you," young George said.

Philip smiled correctly and walked over to Mary Lee. He thrust aside the fat tennis expert who blocked the way. Mary Lee had buried her head in her typewriter. Mary Lee was sobbing as if her heart were broken.

Philip put his arm around her. "What's the matter?" he asked in her ear. She only sobbed the harder. He shook her gently.

"Mary," he said, "what on earth's the matter?"

She lifted her face, all stained with tears. "You g-g-got b-b-beaten," she sobbed. "You g-g-got b-b-beaten and it was all m-m-my f-fault."

HE CAUGHT her by the shoulders and lifted her up and pushed her out of the marquee. He got her clear of the marquee while everybody was still milling around.

"I've got a car here somewhere," he said. "Are you going places with me?"

She looked up at him and nodded and put her head on his shoulder.

She wasn't in the least detached. She was like any other girl in love.

"I—I thought I wanted him to b-b-beat you," she said. "And I didn't—I didn't at all."

Philip Hope kissed her and put her in his car. They were a mile away by the time John Howard Hope got down to the marquee and cornered Joe Mulley and Jim Devlin.

And that's how most of the explanations started. Mrs. Hope's theory was that Philip Hope was overtennised. She knew, she said, when a horse was overtrained. And John Howard Hope's theory was that his son had been out late the night before. And Jim Devlin's theory was that Philip was burnt out. And Joe Mulley said nothing. He knew that the whole trouble was that Philip Hope had got interested in the newspaper business.

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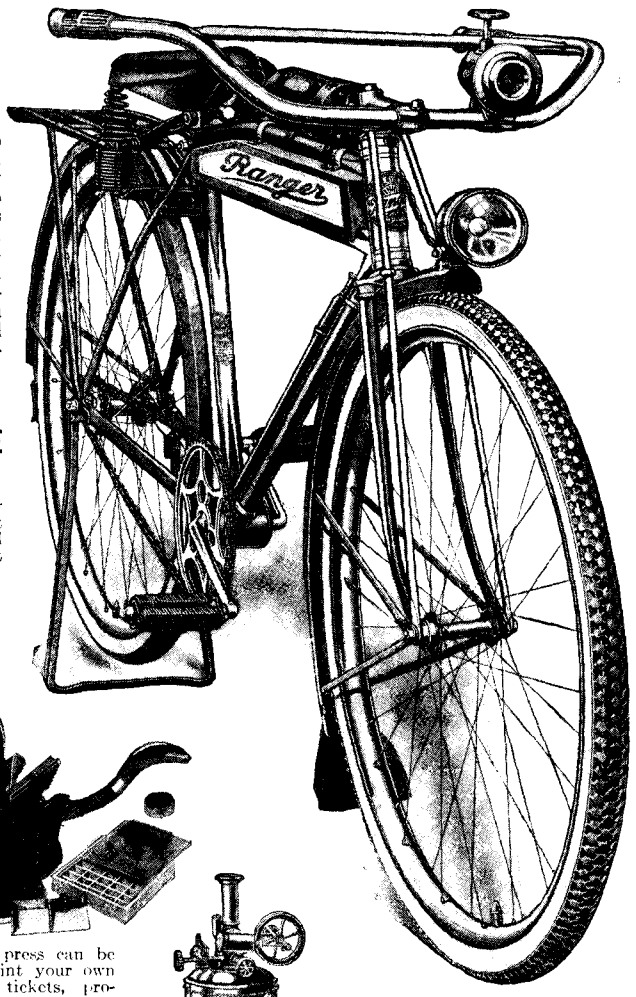

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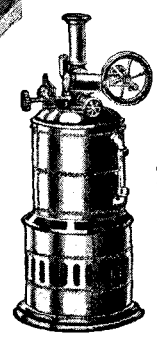

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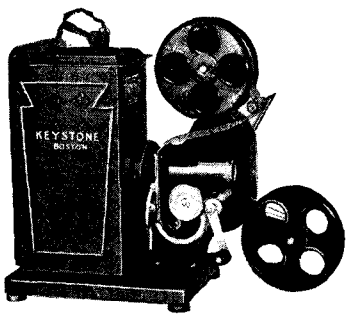

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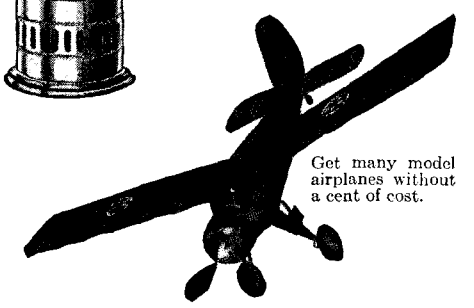

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Queen of the Green

Continued from page 18

Oh, yes, there were other things. Me, for instance. School closed and there were no more basketball games, so I followed my father's urgings to take up golf. Jack Mackie, the boy I referred to a little while ago, was a good golfer. His father was a pro and Jack himself, then in his late teens, had a four handicap. He's been New York State champion more than once since then. Jack undertook my instruction. And I played all summer.

Learning the Rules

At so early an age, golf made me an abominable liar. The scent of the fairways on those fine fall days in late September and all October hung in my nostrils as I went into class. So invariably I came out of class. A janitor hid my clubs for me downstairs, and I excused myself with the principal on account of dental trouble. I told him that it would take three or four weeks for one of Long Island's best dentists to fix my teeth, as a lot of hidden trouble had been discovered.

The principal was sympathetic and let me have every other afternoon off. One luckless afternoon he was gazing out of his window and saw me scurrying out of the place with the golf bag. I saw him just as he saw me. But when aware of detection, I threw caution to the winds. That's what golf does to an honest woman.

The next day I expected to be fired from school or at least degraded to a lower class as punishment. Imagine the sense of relief when the principal passed me in a corridor and favored me with a pleasant smile, saying nothing. That afternoon a distinguished dental authority came to the school to lecture. In the senior class he gave an interesting story on the care of the teeth to preserve them. The principal was present and attentive. The dental expert asked any girl to step up and he'd tell her things about neglect of the teeth that would be useful to the whole class.

At this point the principal signaled me. To oblige him for his kindness in overlooking truancy, I stepped up. The expert made me sound my "A," turned smilingly to the principal and said:

"This young woman has perfect teeth!"

"That's what I thought," said the principal.

Still, by getting up very early in the morning I was able to get in nine holes a day. Spring came, and summer, and everybody began to tell me my game was pretty good. One morning I went out to the Inwood course and saw that it was crowded. I inquired what was going on and was told it was the Long Island junior championship for women. I crashed the party—not because I had any designs on the championship, but I was eager to play golf with girls for a change since I had always played with men. As luck would have it, I won that championship and went home with the laurels, asking myself the well-known query of the uninitiate: "How long has this been going on?"

Playing that junior tournament was a lot of fun. The youngsters smacked the ball, laughed and had a good time. The next year I went into my first senior tournament, and it was different. They paired me with a woman much older than I, and of severe appearance. I could see how seriously she took the game, for on the first tee, when I giggled greetings to friends, she sat on a bench and waited with a stony expression until all was quiet. Then she arose and sedately stalked to the tee. She wasn't to be blamed at all for this severity. She was playing competition golf, and competition golf is serious business. Yet it didn't stop my grinning. And I grinned all the way around the eighteen holes.

Perhaps that's why I lost that round. It happened at the fifteenth hole. I hit into a sand trap on my drive. So did my grave-looking opponent. Waiting for her to come up for our second shots, I stood about six feet away from my ball, tossing stones and pebbles from the bunker—because there was nothing else to do.

My opponent called the hole. I didn't know that rule about not being permitted to touch anything in a sand trap. Members of the gallery booed the lady, who insisted on the letter of the rules; but they were wrong. I thought, myself, at the time that she might have been more sportsmanlike. Yet I couldn't help admire her indifference to the crowd. In the locker-room she relaxed:

"Golf is golf," she said. "You're just a child, so it's better for you to learn the rules early than late."

I think that incident had as much to do with my resolve to get into big competition as any urging from my friends.

I won the Metropolitan junior for women and again tried the Long Island championship. This time I felt like a veteran and resisted every inclination to toss stones when in traps. Carelessness prevented my keeping souvenirs of those contests—not even a score card; but they provided a necessary background of experience when the national came along and I went into it determined to do or die. As a matter of fact, I died. Glenna Collett, Maureen Orcutt, Virginia Van Wie and other headline women golfers were too much for me.

Many golf writers have asked me how I overcame the discouragement of being eliminated in my first national competition. I wasn't discouraged. I just packed, went home and forgot all about it until the next time.

That next time I was licked, too, by Glenna Collett. She had all the aura of a female Bobby Jones; but I found it stimulating, not dismaying, to play with her. Other women in the locker-room would say: "It's the field against Collett." The coolness with which Glenna went through a competition gave her an air of a being apart. But I suppose that, being young and rather unimaginative, I just regarded Glenna as another player and, frankly, as an inferior player to the men I'd been accustomed to compete with.

Outside Stuff

Strangely enough, I felt disinclined to enter the National in the year I won it. My game had gone very bad. My drives were wild, and when straight were far shorter than in earlier years. Once I went out to the toughest course I've ever played, Pine Valley, and kicked myself all the way home for making a 97. Something had to be done to correct my golf or else I was prepared to quit.

My father, who is a banker in Long Island City, stepped in at this point.

"Listen," he said. "You've been running the ribs out of the family car. Go in and win this year's National and I'll buy you a car of your own—any make."

That was an incentive. Then Jack Mackie undertook to coach me out of my faults at golf. He found a major one: I was swinging the club-head in too close to the ball when making tee shots, and in an effort to compensate for this shrunken swing I was throwing too much body into the stroke.

He took me to the Inwood course one day. We spent the entire afternoon on a practice tee. Taking a club shaft, Jack stuck this in the ground just a foot or so from my stance on a line with the ball. Then he directed me to swing. Four times in succession my club-head struck the upright shaft. The drives were dubs.

"You've got to get outside that shaft to hit the ball," said Jack.

I did, and kept on getting outside it all afternoon. Ever since my drives have been consistently long and straight. They stood by me in my biggest test—the National of 1931.

The story of that contest has been told in such detail in the press that I needn't repeat it. The lasting impression I have is of the vast importance the women attach to the comments of the gallery.

A Western player was under par on the first three holes. She dubbed her second shot on the fourth and let a masculine oath spurt on the wind.

"She's gone," a galleryite commented, aloud.

The player glared; dubbed her next shot; and for the rest of the round an epidemic of dubbing affected most of the players trailed by that particular gallery. I've seen the same thing happen in men's tournaments—among second-string players. But the first-rank golfer regards spectators with the same indifference with which he views the trees—with more, in fact, for trees, being immobile objects, must be marked.

Golf and Police Records

In New Jersey, once, I undertook to referee a club championship for women and saw there what I've seen many times elsewhere. Two otherwise charming ladies stepped to the play-off tee after tying eighteen holes, grimly determined to come back with their bags or in them. Both hit good drives. On their second shots one ball hopped luckily over an exposed water pipe across the fairway. The other's ball rolled plop against the pipe. As referee I called this lie unplayable and the hazard unnatural. There was an uproar. The lucky lady whose ball had bounced over almost charged at me—and I'm something to charge at.

"That pipe was just as much in my way as hers," she said.

I stuck to the decision, made the unlucky lady drop her ball back. She lost. But the winner said no word to her or to me, walked grimly back to the clubhouse, and I'm informed that, although the two players have been acquainted for five or six years, no words have passed between them from that day forward.

This points the need, which, I think, is gradually being met, for women to acquire the normal male playing temperament of "What of it?" in golf as in every other game.

Bobby Jones is an example of good humor to every woman—and man—player. Miss Lake and I played against him and Henry Cotten out in Ohio. They had us six down going out—and it was for money. I claimed that six strokes for the round was an insufficient handicap for the men. So Bobby gave us a stroke a hole on the way in. On the seventeenth green we tied.

"All or nothing," said Bobby.

We agreed. We won. In the clubhouse I asked for the money.

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"Wait a minute," said Bobby. "You said you wanted to play a man's game with men."

We shot craps and Miss Lake and I lost.

"And now," said Bobby, "we'll make things even by playing a woman's game with women."

We played contract, and we women won.

That's sporting spirit—the kind women are acquiring and, I believe, must acquire if they're to get the same fun out of sports that men seem to get. I know it's the brand women really like because I'm no different from other women, and I find myself relishing a game with men more than with women.

When I held my father to his promise to buy me a car after winning the championship and turning down, as amateur rules insist, all the hundred and one gifts from motor cars to mashie niblicks that various manufacturers offered me, he gave me exactly the boat I asked for. Tearing over to Jersey to keep a dance date, I was arrested for speeding. They haled me before a stern-looking judge, who proved to be quite unjudicial.

"You're Helen Hicks, eh?" he said. "Very well. Go to your dance, but tomorrow you're ordered by this court to play Mrs. So-and-so at my club. If you win, sentence will be suspended. Not only that, the record will be expunged. Even champions don't like police records."

I went to the dance. I went to the course. I shot a 90. The lady I was ordered to beat shot an 87.

I went back to the judge. He glared at me.

"You let me down," he said. "But we'll call it quits. The record's expunged."

I like playing with men.

Lucy Ann's Chair

Continued from page 26

be fair to your second wife—uh—Jennie."

"No, ma'am."

"You see, Fred, this is more than a personal problem," continued Mrs. Trubee, more kindly. "Lucy Ann has sinned. You may say that she was foolish, but such folly is decidedly a sin. Very well, let her pay the price of her wrongdoing."

"I guess you're right, ma'am," said Fred Griswold. He got up slowly; stood looking out through the windows of the living-room at the sea. "I'll write to Lucy Ann and tell her I can't do it."

"Why don't you write now?" queried Mrs. Trubee, who prided herself on finishing whatever she started, and that promptly. "You can sit right down there at my desk. I'll give you paper and pen and ink." She rose and sailed over to the desk; laid out a sheet of paper and an envelope.

"I got my carpenter's pencil," he said. "Cal'late that'll do to write with."

He took the flat pencil out of his pocket; sat twisting it in his fingers. "Dunno jest what to say," he confessed miserably.

Mrs. Trubee was sympathetically helpful. "Why don't you say, 'The way of the transgressor is hard!' Just that. Then sign your name."

Fred stared at her for a moment. His head dropped. "How do ye spell transgressor, ma'am?" he asked.

Mrs. Trubee told him. He wrote, slowly and painfully, across the white sheet of paper, the excellent moral axiom suggested by the good lady. He folded the paper and stuffed it into the envelope, which he put in his pocket. He'd have to wait till he got home to address it.

"I'm obliged to ye, ma'am," he said. "I'll be gettin' back to work now."

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Trubee, smiling, "that I was able to help you solve your little problem."

She was glad all afternoon. It was so pleasant to feel that she was a force for good in this simple Maine village, among these naïve, uncultured people who so obviously needed ethical guidance. One must share one's gifts (of the spirit).

The unaddressed envelope was like a weight in Fred's pocket as he drove home from work that afternoon. He was a kindly man. It hurt him to think he must hurt another human being. Also, it puzzled him. Why were things so arranged that people could not always, invariably, be kind to one another? Still, he recognized the justice of Mrs. Trubee's advice. People who sinned must suffer. It seemed to be a kind of law. The Lord's judgment, as you might say.

He would mail his letter as soon as he'd copied the address from the one Lucy Ann had written him. But before that, first thing when he got home he'd chop up Lucy Ann's chair. He'd chop it to kindling wood for Jennie's sake.

He drove his truck into the barn, got out and walked through the woodshed to the door that led to the kitchen and looked in. There was Jennie, briskly poking up the stove. And there by the window in Lucy Ann's chair, sat a thin, grayish-haired woman with a bowl in her lap, peeling potatoes.

FRED GRISWOLD took one long stride over the threshold. He stopped and stood still, staring dumbly at the two women, who turned their heads to look at him.

Then his wife spoke. She spoke in her everyday voice, as though nothing unusual had occurred in that kitchen.

"Lucy Ann's come home," said Jennie. "I found that letter she writ you in the pocket o' your other overhauls. So I telephoned her to Portland to come right along. She's had a hard time and ain't feelin' well. I've put her to work, a-parin' potatoes."

The judgments of the Lord, thought Fred confusedly. The judgments of the Lord—! He grinned faintly at Jennie. Then he looked across the room at the woman who had been his first wife, and nodded.

"How a' ye, Lucy Ann?" he said.

Lucy Ann sat gazing up at him. Her pale blue eyes, that once had been so bright and dancing, now were still. As still as little pools of sea water left in a rock by the receding tide. Her lips moved.

"Fred," she whispered huskily. "Fred . . . I couldn't believe 'twas real till I set in this chair. I couldn't believe there was such kindness in the world till Jennie brought me here and showed me the chair. 'We been a-savin' of it for ye,' s' she to me. I couldn't believe it, Fred."

"Well," said Fred; and stopped, and without further speech walked over to the stove and lifted one of the covers. The fire glowed warmly up at him. Deliberately he took from his pocket the envelope containing Mrs. Trubee's moral axiom, *The way of the transgressor is hard*, and dropped it onto the coals.

"What's that," asked Jennie, "you're a-burnin' up, Fred?"

He looked over his shoulder at her, smiling his slow, kindly smile.

"Trash," said Fred.

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No explorer in search of a new country could be more zealous than is the ardent pipe smoker in his search for the perfect tobacco. For that reason, pipe smokers—and perhaps even those who have not yet been initiated into the joys of a pipe—will be interested in the experience of Mr. Jack Harding, who returned to his first love after "unusual blends" and "fancy prices" failed to woo him away from Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Here is Mr. Harding's letter:

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Richmond, Va.
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The list of tobaccos I have used at various times reads like the Social Register of Tobacco. It has been one of my extravagances, and I have paid fancy prices for unusual blends and well advertised brands. And of course, like every confirmed pipe smoker, I have fiddled about with my own mixtures. *But I always come back to Edgeworth.*

More power to you—and may you never buy a bottle of red ink in 1932.

Very truly yours,
Jack Harding

A pipe smoker rarely accepts another man's verdict about the "perfect tobacco." Like Mr. Harding, he must explore until he has found that perfection himself. In view of that fact, it is significant to point out that Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco has stood the test of pipe tobacco "explorers" for more than thirty years.

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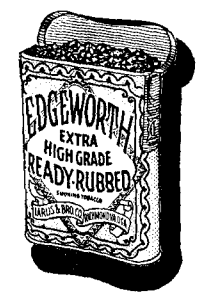

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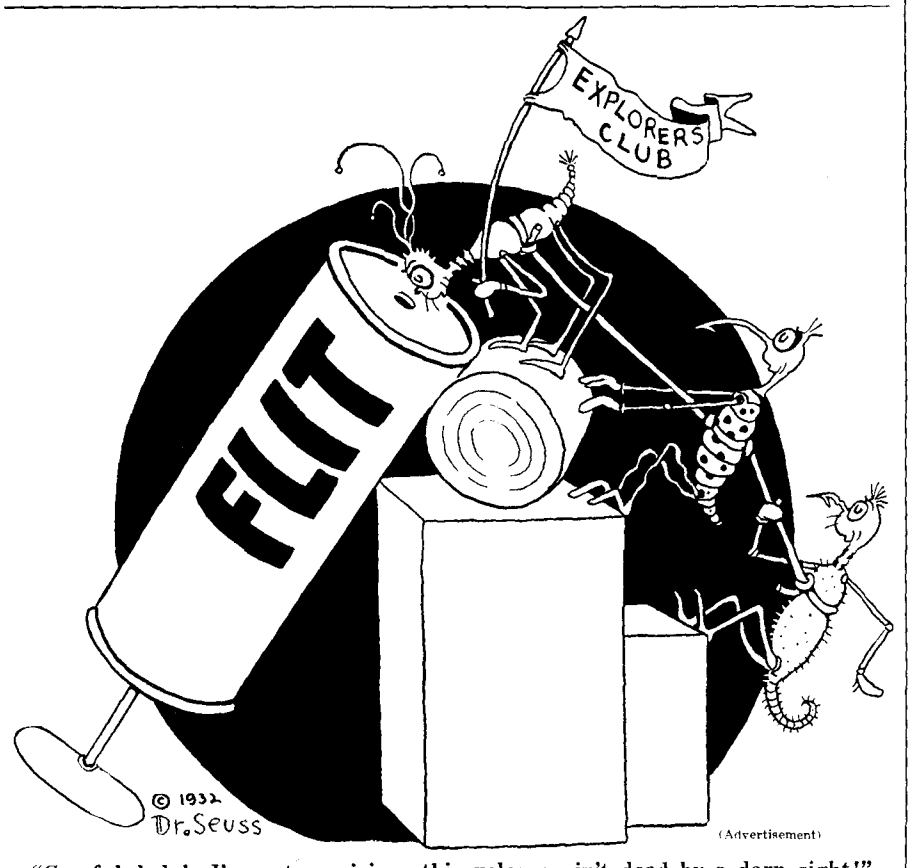

(Advertisement)

"Careful, lads! I've got suspicions this volcano ain't dead by a darn sight!"

The Husband-Wife Act

Continued from page 31

first instruction, after shortening her name to Lynn Fontanne, from Ellen Terry.

She achieved moderate success and was looking forward to a decorous life in England, with an occasional tour in the colonies, perhaps, when Miss Taylor invited her to come to the United States in 1916. The salary, $100 a week, was equal to that of a star in England.

Alfred Lunt was born in Milwaukee, where his father alternately earned and then lost considerable sums of money as a speculator in timber lands. The father died after one of the less profitable ventures and left the family almost penniless. Mrs. Lunt was married again, to a Finn named Dr. Carl Sederholm.

A Guild Experiment

After two years at Carroll College, Lunt went to Cambridge to enter Harvard. He does not know why he did this, inasmuch as he had already decided upon the stage as a career. When he reached Boston he learned that a friend of his Milwaukee days was connected with the Castle Square theater and so he abandoned Harvard. Before long he was an important member of the Castle Square stock company.

"I never asked for a job," he has said. "I never stood out for a salary; somebody always came along in time and I got a job." He found himself touring with Miss Anglin because a designer of stage sets liked his work and recommended him. Other friendly interventions brought a leading part in The Country Cousin and he was, as it chanced, appearing in Boston in this play when Booth Tarkington wandered into the theater between trains on his way to Maine. Tarkington felt that the production was distinctly bad and the acting mediocre except for a young man listed on the program as Alfred Lunt. He went backstage after the show and knocked on the dressing-room door.

"My name's Tarkington," he said. "I'd like to write a play for you."

The script of Clarence, his first outstanding success, reached Lunt while he was touring in the Middle West and he was greatly depressed, upon reading it, to see that Tarkington had called for an actor who could play the piano and the saxophone. Lunt had never touched either instrument but he somehow learned. To the profane disgust of the stagehands he tootled on the saxophone in his dressing-room.

By 1923, when Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne were married, each had achieved success. For a time they played separately and further advanced their careers. In the fall of 1924 the Theatre Guild decided to attempt The Guardsman, a play by Molnar, which had been produced a decade earlier and which had failed. I suspect, without knowing it, that the directing heads of the Guild took into consideration the fact that Lynn and Alfred were married and recognized the piquant situation inherent in the fact that the two leading persons of the drama also were married.

Even better, one was the Actor and the other the Actress. The story will be recalled. It is that of an actor who doubted the fidelity of his wife and decided, therefore, to disguise himself as a Russian guardsman and test her love. If she recognized him and rejected his passionate advances, it would be demonstrated that his histrionic gifts were slight. But if she listened to his plea, the anguished actor told himself, it would be obvious that he had failed as a husband.

This was an extremely difficult part; one moment Lunt had to use the guttural tones of a Russian guardsman, then change, in an instant, to his natural voice. Nor was the task of Miss Fontanne easier. Did the Actress really recognize her husband? Was it possible that any woman could be so deceived? Miss Fontanne, with rare artistry, kept the matter in doubt. The violent discussions which resulted added immeasurably to the long life of the play.

Following the stage production of The Guardsman there were repeated queries regarding the feasibility of a married couple appearing in the same production. Both agreed that the advantages were great. "You don't have to be polite," Miss Fontanne explained. "If a scene does not go just right it is possible to say so flatly. It is not necessary to begin with elaborate preliminaries about the great talents of your fellow artist. Alfred has no doubt regarding my opinion of him." Mr. Lunt, too, gave his approval.

"I can slap Lynn hard, even kick her out of bed," he suggested. "I could hardly do that if she were not Mrs. Lunt."

They work very hard. The Theatre Guild has, to put it mildly, a leaning toward the more serious dramas, and the parts which must be memorized are lengthy and complicated. Lunt works *unendingly*. A season or so ago he went on tour in The Guardsman in the fall, learned the part of Professor Higgins in Pygmalion, appeared in The Second Man and in The Doctor's Dilemma; all this before the end of November. Under the strain an attack of neuritis, to which he is subject, caused him acute pain. Miss Fontanne lost her temper when still another play was suggested for her husband.

"This isn't an art theater, it's a sweatshop," she said.

They could limit their work, of course, and live an easier life. But they really like it. They are as devoted to the theater as any industrialist to his factory.

Miss Fontanne finds time to read but Lunt rarely does. Their main meal of the day is after the theater and it is the husband, not the wife, who attends to its preparation. Paradoxically, although Lunt may lean on his wife for moral support, he runs the household and shields her from every worry. Cooking is one of his few hobbies.

Years of Youth

The adoration received by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne should be reassuring to that vast proportion of the human race which believes that only the very young can bask in the sunshine of public approval. Lunt has been on the stage for twenty years and is thirty-eight years old. His hair is sprinkled with gray; he diets to control a tendency toward stoutness.

Incredibly, Miss Fontanne is actually older than her husband. Obviously, all this is immaterial. Her skin is flawless and her figure as willowy as ever; Alfred is as tall and as straight. Exuberance burns in both of them, and this, no doubt, is the secret of their appeal. Their vitality was manifest in The Guardsman. It is outstanding in that superb second act of Reunion in Vienna, which now delights New York and which will, before the year is over, start the Lunts on another tour.

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Rodney de Sarro

"Gad! Just like my wife—to double my bid!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

IN THESE days of advanced play the making of a Grand Coup, which, when Whist was the popular game, was considered a remarkable achievement, has become quite common, but only a few cases have been recorded of the making of a triple coup, and one of these was turned in recently by Mr. M. P. Walley of Columbus, Ohio.

The hand, which was published in Collier's for May 21, was as follows:

North
S. Q-J-10
H. K-J-10-5
D. A-9
C. A-10-4-3

West	*East*
S. A-K-9-4-3	S. 6-5-2
H. Q-9-6	H. 8-7-4
D. None	D. Q-6-5-3
C. K-Q-J-7-6	C. 9-5-2

South (Dealer)
S. 8-7
H. A-3-2
D. K-J-10-8-7-4-2
C. 8

The bidding at the table where Mr. Walley was South was as follows:

First round: South pass, West one Spade, North double, East pass. Second round: South three Diamonds, West pass, North three No Trumps; East pass. Third round: South four Diamonds, West pass, North five Diamonds.

All these bids were obviously sound. South, with only two high-card tricks, should not open the bidding by calling either one or two of a suit. The former bid would announce two and a half high-card tricks, and the latter at least three; and if only three, a very long suit. If South had made an initial bid, it would have been necessary for him to call four Diamonds, a preëmptive bid which does not convey a high-card guarantee. But he was not nearly strong enough for that. The reason for West's bid of one Spade is perfectly clear. North's double, while possibly a bit bold (facing a partner who had passed originally), nevertheless had better than three and a half high-card tricks and a No Trump count of 16 to support it; with the adverse suit stopped only once, a double was much safer than a bid of one No Trump and would invite a Heart response provided South had four Hearts.

After North's double South properly showed strength by a jump bid in Diamonds. North, with only two Diamonds, properly bid three No Trumps on the second round. This showed a Spade stopper plus the strong hand already guaranteed, and indicated that North thought a No Trump game more probable than a Diamond game. South, however, did not agree with that conclusion, and consequently bid four Diamonds; to which North, unwilling to have the hand played at a non-game contract, responded by bidding five.

West's opening lead was the King of Spades, and after it won (East having played the discouraging Deuce) he shifted to the King of Clubs, which North captured with the Ace. North then led the Ace of Diamonds, on which East and South played their smallest Diamonds. When West discarded on the first round of Diamonds, Declarer knew he would have to lose one more Spade, and therefore he could not afford to lose a trick to the Queen of Diamonds. His six remaining Diamonds sitting over East's three necessitated getting rid of three Diamonds or being obliged to win a late trick and lead up to East's Diamond Queen. Mr. Walley's only way out was via the triple-coup route.

To trick 4 the Nine of Diamonds was led from the North hand and permitted to win. This left South with five Diamonds and East with two. On the fifth trick South ruffed a Club (reducing his Diamonds to four), and on the sixth trick South led a Spade which West won with the Ace. To trick 7 West led the Queen of Clubs. He realized that this seemed to be playing into Declarer's hand, but East had not signaled in Spades and a Heart lead would kill any chance West's Queen had of taking a trick. South ruffed the Club, and thereby reduced his trumps to within one of the desired number. To trick 8 South led a small Heart and, knowing that dummy must be put in on this trick and once again later on, played the Ten from dummy. The finesse won.

To trick 9 a Spade was led and ruffed, and this at last reduced South's trumps to the right number; to trick 10, South led the Ace of Hearts, and to trick 11 a small Heart, which of course was won by dummy. When East followed on this trick, the last danger was past. North was in the lead at trick 12 with a good Heart and a bad Club; but it did not matter which he led as South's King and Jack of trumps were sitting over East's Queen and Six.

The Next Hand

North	*East*
S. J-5-3	S. Q-9-8
H. Q-9-7-2	H. A-J-10-3
D. J-8-5	D. K-Q-9
C. J-6-3	C. 8-7-2
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. 10-7-6-4	S. A-K-2
H. 6-5-4	H. K-8
D. 10-7-6-4-3-2	D. A
C. None	C. A-K-Q-10-9-5-4

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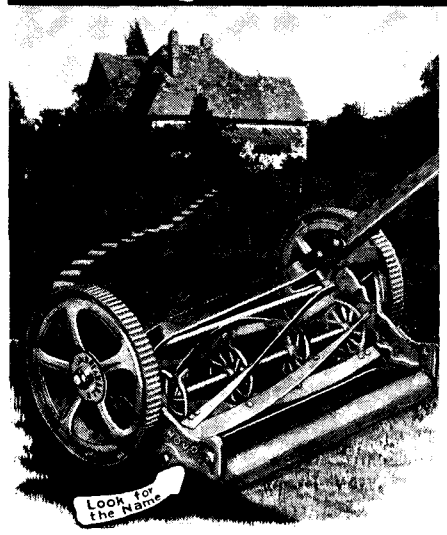

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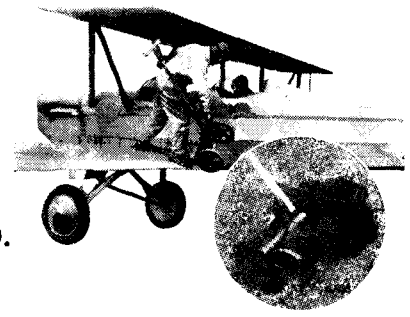

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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The Pension Racket

IF THE present determination of congressmen to buy votes by giving any kind of a veteran a pension or a disability allowance is not checked by a return to sanity, "Scarface Al" Capone should put in his claim for public bounty.

Never before in our history have the bars been so completely let down. Measured by the standards of a pension bill recently vetoed by President Hoover, Benedict Arnold would have been supported for life from the national treasury.

It is possible now under the law for a veteran, regardless of whether he ever saw action, to obtain a disability allowance for any ailment he can claim. He can get money for being hit on the head with a pop bottle at a baseball game played years after the end of the war. He can obtain hospital treatment for stomach aches due to absorbing soft drinks during the 1920's. In fact, it is hard to discover an ailment too trivial or too remote from the hazards of war to justify legally the payment of a pension.

In fact, almost the only barrier preventing universal disability allowances now is the provision that pensions may not be granted to those whose injuries are due to their own "willful misconduct."

Incredible though it is, a strong lobby is urging that these words be stricken from the law and that public bounty be extended even to those who handicapped themselves deliberately.

The irresponsibility of Congress in these matters was exhibited shamelessly in the omnibus pension bill vetoed by President Hoover. This bill was passed without a roll call and with almost no discussion. It provided pensions and disability allowances for 367 individuals whose claims had been rejected even under the present loose laws.

It is impossible for the average decent citizen to understand the state of mind of representatives and senators who would approve such a shocking expenditure of the taxpayers' money.

Why, for instance, should a man dishonorably discharged from the army after being court-martialed and imprisoned for drunkenness and other misconduct now be given the reward of a pension?

Why should a deserter dishonorably discharged be pensioned?

Why should a man be pensioned for injuries received in an attempt at suicide?

Why should a man be pensioned for the loss of a leg cut off by a street car while he lay intoxicated on the tracks?

Why should men be pensioned for disabilities incurred as a result of social diseases due to their own misconduct?

These illustrations are not imaginary. They are actual cases cited by our President in his veto message to Congress.

The lobbies at Washington and the congressmen who respond to their wishes exhibit an utterly cynical disregard of decency in their distribution of the public money.

This attitude now costs the taxpayers of the country approximately a billion dollars a year. Veterans' relief will cost the country not less than one hundred billion dollars before the account is closed.

Obviously taxpayers cannot and will not endure the burden. Of course those who actually suffered disabling injuries in the defense of the country ought to be supported, and generously supported. It is preposterous to think, however, that all men, regardless of service, are entitled to public support.

No greater injury could be inflicted upon the honest veteran than these attempts to buy the votes of the unworthy and the unfit. The lobbies are competing with one another, each trying to prove that it has done most for the veteran. Congressmen are concerned chiefly with votes. Any bill which promises votes will get favorable consideration.

The only end to this road is bankruptcy and defeat. There is not money enough in this country or any country to satisfy the cupidity of the lobbyists. Taxpayers as a class are unorganized and therefore generally weak, but not now. Tax reduction is a battle cry which men who expect to be elected or reëlected must heed.

The plain necessity is a full and deliberate reconsideration of the entire body of laws affecting veterans. We have a hodgepodge now, immensely costly, criminally wasteful, and unquestionably cruelly unjust to many honorable and deserving men.

Congress should create a joint committee to investigate and to consider the entire situation. Other countries which suffered far more serious losses have managed veterans' relief better. Canada, Great Britain and France have vastly larger numbers to care for. Justice has been done in each of these countries without scandalous waste.

A rational reconsideration of our schemes of relief will enable us to do likewise.

The veteran has rights which must not be squandered. As affairs now stand, stupid and unscrupulous men are basely exploiting the services and the sacrifices of honest men while those who are entitled to relief are in too many cases being neglected.

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